

CORONET

AUGUST

25c

Perfection

PHOTOGRAPH BY



The 66 most dramatic
events of this war in pictures
told by WILLIAM L. SHIRER
who wrote "Berlin Diary"

We dare you to read:
DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY!

The most startling article
ever to appear in Coronet

CORONET

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1942



Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
Editors: OSCAR DYSTREL
BERNARD GEIS
Associate Editors:
HARRIS SHEVELSON
BARBARA BRANDT
Managing Editor:
ARNOLD GINGRICH



Articles

Death Takes No Holiday!	MICHAEL EVANS	3
Cavaliers of Cablese	ROBERT M. YODER	11
China's Galloping Ghost	MICHAEL EVANS	17
How to Pick an Office Wife	GRETNA PALMER	22
Detroit on the Double	KENT SAGENDORPH	31
Mussolini's Mild Men	ALLAN A. MICHEL	38
Valets to the Newsworthy	DICKSON J. HARTWELL	43
Elmer's Magic War Words	MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM	50
Plain Talk about Leprosy	WILLIAM F. MC DERMOTT	91
New Voices for Old	DORON K. ANTRIM	95
World Fellowship Marches On!	KEITH AYLING	102
Rangefinders for Tomorrow	HOWARD WHITMAN	135
Servicemen on Wax	BARBARA HEGGIE	140
Keep It Lean!	PAUL W. KEARNEY	146
Oasis in Missouri	WILLIAM O. PLAYER, JR.	149
Deep in the Heart of—Florida!	WYATT BLASSINGAME	154

Features

Burial at Sea: <i>Painting by Anton Otto Fischer</i>	27
World War II in Pictures: <i>Picture Story</i>	
WILLIAM L. SHIRER	55
Sidelights on Soldiering: <i>by Corp. Robert Greenhalgh</i>	87
Godfathers of Modern War: <i>Portfolio of Personalities</i>	107
The Gallery of Photographs	115
Hold Autumn in Your Hand: <i>Coronet Bookette</i>	
GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY	159
The Coronet Game Book Section	177

Miscellany

The Best I Know	9	
Forgotten Mysteries	R. DE WITT MILLER	36
Not of Our Species		48
Carroll's Corner		100
Your Other Life		144

Cover Girl

Even before Warner Brothers spotted her and put her in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, Beth Drake had several claims to distinction. She has nine brothers and sisters, was a radio singer for a Chicago station, became a part-time professional model through posing for publicity pictures. By the time she was named "Chicago's Play Suit Girl," she was halfway to Hollywood. She wants to be (a) a great actress; (b) a good housewife; (c) the mother of three children. Bouquets go to L. Willinger of Hollywood for his "Lady of the Camellias" cover shot.

CORONET, AUGUST, 1942; VOL. 12, NO. 4; WHOLE NO. 70

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1942, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.



We dare you to read this article
—but don't even try unless you are
willing to accept your share of guilt
in America's greatest tragedy!

Death Takes No Holiday!

by MICHAEL EVANS

IN TWO SECONDS it had happened. There was Stella's grisly scream of horror as the steel fingers of the stamping machine snagged the ragged cuff of her sleeve and hurled her arm forward under its descending jaws. Then her head was pitched against the metal uprights and the scream vanished like a squall from the radio when you flip the switch.

Stella was knocked unconscious and there was no sound but the clamp, clamp, clamp of the machine. You could not hear the rubbery snap as steel brackets ripped the big muscles in her shoulder—nor the hiss of hot blood spouting vacantly from the torn vesicles like water jetting from a kinked garden hose.

An arm torn from a human body is not a pretty sight. Stella's arm had been wrenched from the socket the way you twist a fried chicken wing in your fingers. In a twinkling the

steel stamp crunched down, spewing blood, cartilage, fatty tissue and white bone splinters like a burst persimmon.

Gore clogged the machine, and the brass plates which Stella had been feeding into the mechanism rifled up and toppled in a gentle stream onto the floor where the girl lay, her face already chalky as her hammering heart spurted blood over the brass littered floor.

The foreman, Gus Sturm, was beside Stella less than a minute after the accident. He did his best. He knew something about First Aid, but putting a tourniquet on a severed artery is a tricky job. A gush of blood sizzles over your hands and spouts into your face. The artery slobbers through your fingers, slippery as fish gut.

By the time the doctor got there it was too late.

"I tried to stop the blood," Gus

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CIVILIANS WILL BE KILLED IN 1942—

—not in front line fighting, but here in America—in factories, in homes, on the street. By accident. Only it's not "by accident," really. For 99 out of 100 of these deaths will be prevented, just as soon as Americans can be shocked into an all-out program of safety.

This article, we think, may help do just that. And so we have made arrangements whereby trade associations, industrial plants, schools or organizations who may wish to distribute copies to their members, may obtain reprints—in eight-page leaflet form—at quantity rates of \$1.50 per hundred. Space will be provided on the cover for imprints or announcements. Single copies may also be obtained, prepaid at five cents each.

Full remittance must accompany all orders, which should be addressed to Reprint Editor, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

told the doctor, over and over. "I tried to stop it. Every time I think I have the artery it twists away."

"I know, Gus," the doctor said. "Times like these. We do our best but accidents happen. Lucky it happened fast."

STELLA had been working at the stamping machine for seven weeks. She had been warned of the danger of accidents. She had been told always to work with bare arms so no dangling cuff might catch in the machinery. The night of the accident she was tired. She had worked a regular shift and was doing an overtime trick. It was chilly in the plant. She put on her sweater to keep warm. She knew the rules insisted that she roll her sleeves up, but it was only an hour until quitting time.

Accidents happen. That was what the doctor said. Accidents happen. One hundred thousand times this year someone will mutter that phrase over a lifeless body. Someone's hand

will slip. Someone will doze. Someone will take a false step. Someone will blunder. Someone will be careless—and one hundred thousand Americans will pay the forfeit with their lives.

It is easy to write that 100,000 persons will be killed in 1942 because of accidents. It does not take long to record death in a cool, impersonal, statistical way.

But death is never cool, never impersonal, never statistical. Death is Stella, lying on the floor of the brass mill, her good red blood pumping, pumping into nothingness. Death is Stella, who was going to a dance Saturday night with Joe Turner. Death is Stella, lying under a mound of flowers in Prystalski's Undertaking Parlors on West 36th Street while 30 people shift uncomfortably on the collapsible wooden chairs and wait for the funeral services to start.

No, death is not pretty in any form. And *accidental* death is criminal—particularly this year. This year America is at war. This year America needs

Stella—all the Stellas, all the Marys, Joes and Jims—as never before.

Yet this year 100,000 Americans will die—needlessly, cruelly, by what we euphemistically call accidents.

How many of these deaths could be prevented?

Ninety-nine out of every hundred!

The same, dry, cool, remorseless figures prove it.

For every life which is taken by an accident beyond our power to prevent, 99 are taken without cause, without need, without reason.

IN THIS YEAR of 1942 we are "Accidentally" killing no less than 26,000 men between 20 and 45 years of age alone—the prime years of military service. This is almost the equivalent of two full divisions of the Army. An accident, you say, means that it was nobody's fault—an act of God, circumstances beyond control? That's bilge for the sake of your conscience. What is actually meant is that it *is* somebody's fault—everybody's fault—your fault and my fault. We sentence these men and women to death—you and I—by not taking simple measures of precaution.

For the men between 20 and 45—for all men, women and children in America—death takes no holiday.

This year we are working hard. We are working long hours. We are doing rush jobs. The cry is speed, speed, speed. Turn out the bombers faster. Turn out the machine guns double-quick. Rush the cannon. Rush the shells. Speed up the tanks. Roll that steel faster. Dig more coal. Hurry up

those freight trains. Get those ships down the ways. Hurry. Hurry.

Speed-up means accidents. Only a fractional few of those accidents bring death. For every person killed, 90 are hurt. That means waste, expense, days in the hospital, suffering, impairment of production. Accidents this year will cost us the price of 66 battleships or 110,000 fighter planes.

The cost in wasted time, doctors' bills, hospital expense, lost production will run close to four billion dollars. Even in these billion-dollar times that can't be laughed off.

We were shocked by the news of Pearl Harbor. That was a personal blow to every American. We mourned the brave men whose lives paid for Japan's surprise attack. Yet the casualties on the home front, the criminally needless deaths by accident every month this year run up to a total three times that of Pearl Harbor.

Americans have been accused of complacency about the war. That charge does not seem well founded. But there *is* American complacency toward death on the home front—toward accidental death. You read in the newspapers that two men were killed in a fall from a construction job. You see an item about five blown to bits in an explosion at a chemical works. Two youngsters and a girl are killed in a car smash-up. A man is drowned at the bathing beach. A woman catches her heel and breaks her neck falling downstairs. A girl's skirt catches fire at a backyard bonfire and she dies horribly of burns.

Does that news make you angry?

Does your blood boil as it does when you hear of innocent lives lost in the torpedoing of a ship? Do you clench your fists and swear that this death toll must stop—now?

You do not!

You are so callous that it never enters your head that death on the home front is serving Hitler's purpose as well or better than death on the fighting front from shells and bombs and machine gun bullets.

America is engaged in a war to survive. Every ounce of our energy is needed for victory. Each person who dies a needless death by accident means one less to man the machines in the war factories, one less to carry a rifle at the front, one less in our vast army of total war.

But perhaps you feel that these accidents can not be prevented, that death on the home front is part of the inevitable price of war or peace.

Cold, harsh statistics compiled by the National Safety Council expose how fatuous this comforting thought really is.

Those records disclose that every time an intelligent, forceful effort has been made to eliminate accidental death there has been a sensational, almost unbelievable dividend in lives saved.

Why, the story of our scandalous auto death toll is proof enough. Indeed, it is so familiar it hardly bears repetition. In cities where traffic safety is on a 365-day-a-year basis, accidents are whittled down to bedrock minimums. But the cruel fact is that most communities, like individuals, go at

things by fits and spurts. For a few weeks in the summer—usually after some particularly appalling crash—they concentrate on a "safety drive." The drive gets results—*always*. Deaths fall off. Then interest slackens; the effort weakens and the death toll rises until another gruesome crash starts a new crusade.

This year the auto death toll will probably fall sharply. Why? Have we grown safety conscious? No. Because of the war we are merely driving less. We will deserve no credit for any such reduction of the death list. And the crashes we do have are even more criminal than those of peace time. For not only do they take lives which the country needs, but they wreck cars which cannot be replaced. They eat up materials and labor which should not be diverted to civilian purposes. Wartime motor accidents cast a grim spotlight on useless waste of rubber, gasoline and machines, while men die on the high seas to bring oil and gasoline to port and other men work 24 hours a day trying to husband our small rubber supply to keep the fighting lines supplied.

Death takes no holiday!

AND IN THE months ahead death will be busy. Death reaps a grim harvest during the summer months. These are the months when, even in wartime, you will relax and play. The children will be home from school. Your guard will be down—you will be careless. And you will pay for it in lives which our country cannot spare.

You can write out the mortality

bill today. No need to wait for the surf to dump lifeless bodies on the sandy beaches, for grappling hooks to haul stiff blue corpses from the lakes, for screams of the 10-year-olds and the 8-year-olds as they chase into the street for a ball and see that truck roar down on them so fast they cannot leap.

DEATH will be busy next week and the week after. Ask the undertakers. They have an ample supply of coffins on hand, especially in the small sizes. They have a coffin that will fit your tousle-haired Tom, just turned 11. Sure, you told him not to swim with the other boys in the old quarry—but it was such a hot, sweltering day. Sure, when the pulmotor squad gets through you can have Tommy's body. There's a coffin that will fit him in the funeral home and they'll fix him up so nicely you'd almost swear he was only sleeping.

There are lots of coffins waiting. And it's a good thing, too, for there'll be 1,500 youngsters to fill them in the next nine weeks—dead from accidents. And those are just the youngsters from five to 14. When they are over 14, a grownup's coffin will usually do, and there are plenty of them on hand, too. For the high school kids and the college kids who are going to die. How many? Well, 1,500 would be a conservative estimate for a good average summer month. That's not so many. Just the enrollment of a moderate-sized city high school.

Accidents happen, don't they? A boy mangled catching a ride on a

"It is obvious from the very magnitude of the toll in deaths and injuries that accidents constitute one of the serious impediments to our war production." —Franklin D. Roosevelt

freight train. A girl burned to death cleaning her dress with gasoline. Sure. Accidents happen. You read about them in the paper every day. Nothing you can do about them.

No?

Just listen.

Accidents can be stopped any time you want to stop them. There's a war on. Maybe you've heard about that. Maybe it's time you and I realized that life is the most precious asset which we in America have—healthy, fighting, working, producing men and women. Maybe the time has come when we can't afford to mow down a hundred thousand men, women and children each year without blinking an eye.

We're spending a lot of time figuring out ways to do without raw materials, to make what we have go further. Maybe we can afford five minutes to think about ways to save the men and women who turn those raw materials into weapons of war and turn those weapons of war against our enemies. A commander who allows his men to be killed needlessly is courtmartialed. He is lucky if he's not shot. Corpses don't win wars. It takes living men to do that.

Do you know how high a pile 100,000 corpses would make?

It would make a horrible pillar 19

miles high, one body stacked atop the other. A pillar to carelessness and ignorance—a pillar to war-time treason. Would you be aroused if the Japanese wiped out the city of South Bend, Indiana; tomorrow — every man, woman and child dead? And every person in the city of Newark, New Jersey, maimed and crippled?

Would *that* get under your hide?

Or would you shrug, and say: "Well, accidents happen. Nothing much to do about it."

What *can* be done about accidents?

The answer is so simple you may laugh: *just use common sense.*

All right, stop and think.

The last time you were out driving, did you run the caution light? Have you repaired that treacherous place on the stairs you noticed weeks ago? Did you report that fire hazard at your office? This morning did you look both ways before you crossed the street?

You didn't? And you're still alive

1. Learn the safe way to do every job—then always do it that way.

Whether you are driving a car, running a drill press, crossing streets, climbing stairs, rowing a boat, or any other of the thousand-and-one things you may do, remember: Accidents are no respecters of times or places!

2. Be sure the things you use are safely built and safely maintained. Safety can be built into every piece of machinery, every home, every home appliance, every school building, every highway. Insist that the things you buy—whether a ladder or a lamp, a house or a hammer, are safe things. Then see that they stay safe!

3. Accept your share of responsibility for the safety of others.

If you are a parent, see that your child understands basic safety principles. If you are a foreman, teach your men that no production is efficient unless it's safe. If you are an employer, give your employees a safe place to work, and safe equipment to work with. If you are a public official, remember that safety is a pillar of good government.

to read this article? Then you're lucky. But you can't be lucky always. Remember Stella? Stella was careless—*just once.*

Accidents have causes. Eliminate those causes and you eliminate accidents. It only takes a minute to find out that the gun *is* loaded; the train *is* coming around the bend; the basement *is* filled with gas; the bottle *is* carbolic acid, not cough medicine.

The list is long—too long for specific enumeration of all the precautions which you—which I—which every American can and should observe.

However, here are three general rules, brief and inclusive. If every person in America would observe them—observe them religiously—our accident toll would overnight plummet down to a real minimum.

Better read these rules. Then read them again. Or pin them up where you can see them, and look at them so often that you'll never be able to forget them:

The Best I Know

Favorite anecdotes of celebrated personalities, as chosen from The Best I Know, a collection edited by Edna B. Smith, with caricatures by Xavier Cugat



IN THE DAYS when Eddie Cantor toured the country with a musical comedy this incident occurred.

His schedule had called for both a matinee and evening performance and he was very tired, so he returned from the theater to his hotel and went to bed. He was very drowsy when he heard a heavy scuffling in the corridor and a loud knock on the door. Opening it, he saw an evening celebrant standing there.

"Shorry, pal," the drunk mumbled. "Wrong room." And he zigzagged down the hall.

Fifteen minutes later there came another heavy knock on the door. Again Cantor found his intoxicated pal standing there. He groped for his hat and tipped it politely.

"Sho sorry, ol' man," he said.

"Wrong room." And he went away.

Twenty minutes later there he was again, murmuring apologies for "wrong room." By then Cantor lost his patience.

When at 3:30 he heard the scuffling footsteps, he leaped out of bed and opened the door wide and shouted: "Well?"

"Ferevensakes!" exclaimed the drunk. "Are you in *every* room in this hotel?"

—EDDIE CANTOR

SO MANY unusual events must have taken place during the sensational career of the one and only Mary Garden that I may be permitted to divulge one rare happening (the best stories are never true) which is said to have taken place during her operatic tours in Europe.

It was immediately after the arrival of our great Diva in one of the larger cities in Central France that a doctor

called upon her, informing our Mary that she would have to undergo vaccination as there was a serious epidemic in town. Mary smiled, insisting that she would refuse wearing tattoos on her arms. The doctor was not embarrassed and assured her that vaccination could be applied anywhere upon a body. Garden took up the challenge and invited the vaccinator to a performance of *Thais* that night, one of *Aphrodite* the next night, and to a matinee of *Pelleas and Melisande* two days later.

The doctor appeared early that morning. He stood in the door, hesitating, waiting. Garden stormed: "Well, Monsieur le docteur, where are you going to vaccinate?" . . . Pause, another pause. . . . Then the doctor uttered convincingly:

"Madame, you better swallow it!"

—DR. EDWARD L. ISRAEL
Rabbi at Har Sinai Congregation, Baltimore.

ONE DAY a fellow sat eating peacefully in a restaurant when in ran a man who approached his table and shouted, "McGuire, your house is on fire." Whereupon the eater dropped his knife and fork, rushed from the place and ran three blocks at top speed. Then he slid his heels and skidded to a stop and said, "Now what the heck am I running for? My name isn't McGuire."

—TOM COLLINS
Literary editor of the Kansas City Journal

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY went way up into the Connecticut Hills one day, trying to get a buggy to drive with a horse he had. He was told

that an old Mr. Stebbins owned a buggy so the editor sought him out. He found the farmer bent over in his potato field and called to him, "Is this Mr. Stebbins?" There was no answer. He called again, but louder. "Is this Mr. Stebbins?" The old man straightened up slowly and turned. "Mebbe 'tis, mebbe 'taint, depends upon what you want."

—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
*Editor of the Saturday Review of Literature,
author of Thoreau, Classic Americans, etc.*



HELEN HAYES has a reputation for habitual carelessness in the use of words. A classic illustration of this occurred one evening when Miss Hayes was dining with George Kaufman and other theatrical notables and was describing her difficulties in trying to get all her furniture to fit into a new and smaller apartment.

"I really haven't room for much of it," she said. "If anybody wants my piano they are willing to it."

"Why, Helen," responded Kaufman, "I think that's very seldom of you."

—HELEN HAYES

TWO PANHANDLERS were standing in front of the Venus de Milo in the Louvre. After regarding the statue for a while, one of them nudged the other and whispered through the corner of his mouth: "Come on, let's get out; they'll think we did it."

—FANNIE HURST

Worldwide scoops are mere daily routine to the Chicago Daily News Foreign Staff—but how and why they happen make an exciting story to tell



Cavaliers of Cablese

by ROBERT M. YODER

TRYING TO GET from Athens to Lisbon, a two-day trip in normal times, Leland Stowe, foreign correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, found himself forced to do it by going around the entire continent of Africa. That is how he came, one night, to the dreary African way station called Lagos, Nigeria.

Stowe was hardly prepared to find a fellow worker from the *Daily News* registered in the same hotel. "Can that be right?" he asked the clerk. "Mr. Robert J. Casey?" said the clerk. "Yes, he's in 4-B."

It was the middle of nowhere, and indeed would do nicely for the capital of nowhere. But the meeting itself was by no means as odd as the route each had traveled to get there.

A few weeks earlier, Stowe had been stamping his feet in Eskimo boots just south of the Arctic Circle. Chasing news, or trying to beat it to its desti-

nation, he had been in London, Stockholm, Helsinki, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow, Bucharest, Belgrade, Athens, Cairo, and was now circumnavigating Africa, making an 8,000-mile detour to reach Lisbon. Casey had been at sea 28 days, in a British ship that took that long to get from England to Africa. At times, Casey felt sure, the ship had been within hailing distance of New York City.

The *Chicago Daily News* proudly hails its foreign correspondents as the best in the business, and certainly they are the hardest-traveling reporters the war has produced. Consider George Weller.

One day early this year, Weller was in the north of Africa. A week later he arrived in Singapore, just in time to be driven out. Last year Weller went from Athens, where he was captured by the invading Germans, to Berne, where he was re-

leased by the Gestapo, to Equatorial Africa, where he interviewed the Free French leader, De Gaulle; to Ethiopia, where he talked to His restored Majesty, Haile Selassie; then to Egypt. Weller traveled so hard and fast that when he reached Batavia, in retreat from Singapore, this 36-year-old Bostonian was one full year ahead of his mail; no letters had caught up with him in that time.

In the period between wars, foreign correspondents led lives of dignity and elegance. They were thinkers and commentators, they had secretaries and wore brief cases, and some of them stopped just short of wearing striped trousers and top hats.

A good many of them paid little attention to spot news. They analyzed it, they did not attend it. They preferred to write about larger issues—trends, movements, and especially situations.

Correspondents of that school were long on meditation, short on action. But blitzkreig changed all that. Witness the adventures of Richard Mowrer, second generation of a family which already holds two Pulitzer Prizes for foreign correspondence. After covering the Spanish Civil War, during which he had to swim the Ebro River under Franco's shellfire, Mowrer went to Rome, and was kicked out by the Italian government almost before he had time to unpack. In Poland, he was arrested by the Poles, in Rumania he was arrested by the Rumanians, both times under suspicion of being a spy. When the Russians rolled into Poland, and re-

fused to let Mowrer leave, he found another river, this time the Dneister, and waded into Rumania. The following summer, the amphibian Mr. Mowrer went into the middle east, out into a nice dry desert. He arrived just in time to be buried alive in the desert sand in Mersa Matruh by an Italian bomb. Many a correspondent has been evacuated, but Mowrer is one who has been excavated.

GETTING the news on the wires was fairly simple in the days before the war. The men in Europe telephoned their stories to the Paris office which transmitted the news to New York by cable or radio. In recent months, however, many of the correspondents have kept only one jump ahead of enemy troops, and delivering the news under those circumstances becomes a job calling for ingenuity, skill and great good luck.

The principal receiving station is a small office in New York, which has better radio and cable facilities than Chicago. What route the news travels depends, nowadays, on what cables are operating and what radio stations are still running.

About half the news comes in by cable, half by radio. Until 1938, it went to the *Daily News* alone. Since then, some 50-odd other newspapers, including papers in Canada and Great Britain, have bought the right to publish the *News'* foreign dispatches, and they are distributed over a special coast to coast leased-wire network, operating from seven until ten a.m. That much wire-time can trans-

mit from 10,000 to 15,000 words.

This is foreign news as seen through American eyes; of the 14 reporters making up the *Daily News* foreign staff, only one is not an American citizen. The exception is Paul Ghali, stationed in Vichy. Ghali, who was formerly in the Egyptian diplomatic service, is of mixed Egyptian and French extraction; his father, Ghali Bey, is judge of the Mixed Court of Appeals in Cairo.

The others are as American as a church social. William J. Stoneman, who has won a solid reputation for his cool-headed dispatches from London, hails from Ann Arbor, Michigan. Casey was born in Beresford, South Dakota, David M. Nichol used to be the boy editor of the Iron River (Michigan) *Reporter*, and while Allen Haden, now in South America, was born in Kiangyin, China, that is explained by the fact that he is the son of a Presbyterian missionary. Leland Stowe is a Yankee, born in Southbury, Connecticut. John T. Whitaker is a Rebel, with still a touch of a Tennessee accent. Wallace R. Deuel, long the *Daily News* man in Berlin, but now on leave with the Donovan committee, was editor of the *Daily Illini* of the University of Illinois; Weller was editorial chairman of the Harvard *Crimson*. Helen Kirkpatrick, the only girl member of the foreign staff, used to publish *The Whitehall Letter*, an English counterpart of the *Kiplinger Letter* from Washington, but she is of old American stock and got her inside knowledge of British politics only after graduation from Smith College.

Counting Deuel and Edgar Ansel Mowrer, now with the Office of Facts and Figures, there are 14 on the *Daily News* foreign staff. About half of them are home-grown, trained by the *Daily News* itself. Along with hiring some good men, the *News* has lost some good men. John Gunther, famous for such books as *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia*, is a *Daily News* alumnus; so is Negley Farson, so is Raymond Gram Swing, the wise old owl of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

MOVING the correspondents around the world, guessing where the news will break next, is the job of Carroll Binder, a former foreign correspondent somewhat reluctantly turned foreign editor. Helping Binder in this sizeable project is the fact that he has some of the best tipsters in the world—the correspondents themselves. Few diplomats have as clear an idea of what's brewing as this Chicago editor, for Binder's men supplement their news stories with a good many private messages giving him the inside and the lowdown. He could make careful preparations for the German invasion of France, for example, because his men told him well in advance just how it would happen and where. Helen Kirkpatrick told Binder on May 2 it was coming; it came May 10. Then, too, Binder knows the European and Asiatic ropes, having spent a long time as a correspondent himself—as did Hal O'Flaherty, managing editor of the *News*, and Paul Scott Mowrer, editor-in-chief.

Even so, Binder has a 24-hour a



day job, including the neat trick of keeping his men in funds, for they no longer can travel with letters of credit and the money situation, to put it mildly, is highly complicated.

LONG SURE of the *Daily News* foreign staffers is interpretative reporting—interpreting the news as well as reporting it, telling not only what happened but what it means. Several years ago, Edgar Ansel Mowrer called the turn on Germany, warning long and loudly that appeasement would do no good, and was expelled from Berlin for it. In the far east, A. T. Steele foretold the Japanese aggression by 11 months in a series bluntly entitled "Japan Takes Aim."

Steele never made the mistake of regarding the Nipponese as a picturesque little people. In 1937 he saw them stage one of the most ruthless mass murders of history—the sack of Nanking. Steele witnessed that siege from the best possible vantage point—Nanking itself. Nothing his colleagues

have seen in bomb-blasted Europe matches the sights Steele saw in that massacre. He described his experience in a famous dispatch filed over the radio of the American gunboat *Oahu*, as "four days in hell."

Some of the cable and radio messages that pour into "Chicagonews," the New York cable address of the *Daily News* foreign service, haven't made much sense at first glance. What the men know and what they can tell are frequently two different things. Carroll Binder's men never use code—for the use of code is forbidden and may get a newspaper kicked out. Nevertheless, a little subtlety sometimes helps.

In Poland, Richard Mowrer found himself with a big story on his hands and his hands tied. So he wrote an inconsequential little item about the weather. An innocuous piece, not to say downright trivial, it said simply that the weather in Warsaw was beautiful, with a nice breeze blowing leaves around—leaves, and bits of charred paper. What Mowrer meant, it was clear enough to his home office, was that the Poles were burning documents, which in turn meant that the government was preparing to abandon Warsaw.

Neither the Japanese nor the Germans have yet caught up with a *Daily News* man—although it took seven weeks of adroit pressure politics to get David Nichol out of his post in Berlin, just before the United States and Germany went to war—and in the case of the Japanese, this is perhaps extremely fortunate. *Daily News*

men have caused the Japanese secret police to lose large amounts of face. Steele once played them an especially embarrassing trick.

Steele was tailed by two spies, as befits his reputation of being the best-informed American in the Far East, and pointed them out to Lieutenant C. C. Brown, of the United States Marines, while Steele and Brown stood at a bar in Mukden. Brown politely invited the spies to have a drink. The two Americans then got the pair dead drunk and picked their pockets of every word or note referring to Steele. Included was a notebook covering everything Steele had done or seen in Manchuria. Steele gave this to the American ambassador, who gravely returned it to the chief of the Japanese secret police, just to show that gentleman how his secrets got around.

REGINALD SWEETLAND of the *News* staff was traveling with another American newspaper man, and the usual escort of spies, when one of the spies missed connections. Now Sweetland had a spy, but his companion did not. The companion promptly filed an indignant complaint.

"Misplaced my spy," he wired the spy's superior. "Please find him at once as am very lonely."

Foreign news is terrifically expensive. While the exact figure is a *Daily News* secret, newspaper men guess that maintaining its foreign service must cost a minimum of \$250,000 a year and probably far more. Some of the stories filed in World

War II have cost as much as 76 cents a word. That was the rate from Ethiopia during the days when Il Duce's sons were blowing the Ethiopians into beautiful floral patterns and writing admiringly about the artistic effect. Haile Selassie owned the only radio station, and was getting fancy prices for sending out the stories telling of his own downfall.

News from Batavia, while Japan was preparing to spring on the Dutch East Indies, cost 40 cents a word—\$400 for a thousand word story.

The tolls can be reduced, of course, by use of cableese, the abbreviated jargon that makes one word do the work of two or three. Cableese is a mixture of Latin prefixes, English, and running words together, when that is permitted. The dramatic story of the only enlisted man to survive the sinking of the submarine S-26, rammed in the Canal Zone by its own escort ship, arrived reading as follows ("expanded" version is in parenthesis):

"My past life just upjumped at me



stop Eye (I) wasnt sure exactly what going happen stop We had our engines stopped etour (and our) motors reversed etship (and the ship) just beginning to get sternway when collision came stop Eye thought pro few (for a few) seconds ourship (our ship) going upstay (was going to stay up) because she seemed so even etsteady (and steady) stop Then bridge filled cumwater (with water) eteye (and I) went down cumher (with her) stop Twas terribly dark under water eteye (and I) had pair binoculars myneck (on my neck) etthey (and they) downholding me (were holding me down)"

That let the reporter send 15 or 20 words he unhad payfor.

Usually, however, the *News* writers don't make much use of cablese. Instead, they write in full, and skeletonize their copy only to the extent of leaving out a few first names and omitting a few "an's" and "the's." It is expensive, but lets the reporter give the true atmosphere and color.

Being among the most widely-read of American foreign correspondents,

the *News* men are objects of considerable public curiosity. When Nichol came back to the United States early this year, he wrote a series of stories describing how Hitler loots Europe, and many newspapers printed Nichol's picture with the series. It brought him an expression of the warmest sympathy from one dear old lady. "I could tell from your picture," she cooed, "that you had suffered—suffered long and deeply."

Nichol had had a hard trip, having come home by a route that took him to four continents in three days, but he had not suffered unduly. So to satisfy his curiosity, he had a look at the photograph in question.

It had been taken long before he ever set foot in Europe.

—Suggestions for further reading

WE COVER THE WORLD

Eugene Lyons, Editor \$1.49
Harcourt, Brace Company, New York

NO OTHER ROAD TO FREEDOM

by Leland Stowe \$3.00
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

by Virginia Cowles \$3.00
Harper & Brothers, New York



No Help Wanted

SOME TIME ago, the then-married Sinclair Lewis got a fan letter from a Southern girl, who offered first of all to be his secretary, since she was mad to meet him; secondly, to do anything for him. "And when I say anything," she wrote, "I mean anything."

Taking care of such mail was a delight to Mrs. Lewis. In her answer she noted that Mr. Lewis was provided with a competent secretary, and that she herself did everything else. "And when I say everything," continued Mrs. Lewis, "I mean everything."

—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)



Toughened in England's slums, gun-trained on Canada's cattle ranges, Mushy-Ko was just the man for China's revolutionary armies

China's Galloping Ghost

by MICHAEL EVANS

THE SWELTERING heat of early autumn hung over Hong Kong like a blanket, but on the wide veranda of the house overlooking Repulse Bay it was cool and fresh and the air was perfumed with the deep scent of flowers and the fragrance of new cut grass.

Two men sat back in deep cushioned wicker chairs, sipping tall frosty drinks of gin and lime juice as they looked out over the calm water and the cloudless sky.

"What's going to happen?" one of them asked.

There was a long pause before the other answered.

Finally he said: "I don't keep my job by talking. But, if I were you, I'd watch those storm clouds over the headlands damn close. Looks like rain. Maybe tomorrow."

He winked elaborately, then chuckled suddenly and slapped his companion on the knee.

"What the hell, my friend," he said. "Maybe it won't rain at all."

That was the introduction which one newspaper correspondent had to Maurice Abraham Cohen, also known as Two-Gun Cohen, Gen. Moishe Cohen, Brig. Gen. Ma-kun or just plain Mushy-Ko.

The next day the correspondent went back to see Mushy-Ko. He was gone. During the night the Japanese had made a landing at Byas Bay and launched their attack on Canton. It was a surprise assault, but before the Japanese operations got under way Mushy-Ko had shaken off the calm of Hong Kong and was up the river at Canton aiding in the city's defense. Mushy-Ko's sources were always good.

Mushy-Ko is unique. He is the only Jewish general in the Chinese Army. He has been a general in China's army for nearly 20 years, and has served her well in a time when her

friends were not so numerous as they are today.

A chunky, muscled man with blunt hands and bullet head, Mushy-Ko has a prize fighter's trick of pivoting effortlessly on the balls of his feet. He looks like the circulation boss of a tough Chicago newspaper who has been through the street-battling days and knows all the answers. His appearance is not deceptive. He does know the answers. He invented some of them himself.

When he says "I don't keep my job by talking," he only half means it. He loves to tell stories, particularly the story of how he got his first break in China.

"I was a cocky squirt and I was hell on wheels with a gun," he says, patting a bulging hip fondly. "One day I was showing off my favorite trick. I carried two guns then—just for swank.

"I had a Chinese throw two silver dollars into the air. Like a flash I pulled my two guns and plunked both dollars—bang, bang. Cowboy stuff. The old man happened to see me do it. He tapped me on the shoulder and said 'Son, I want you to be my bodyguard.'"

The "Old man" was Dr. Sun Yat-sen, president of China.

Sometimes it is hard to separate fact from embroidery in the stories about Mushy-Ko. But that yarn is true. He served as Dr. Sun's bodyguard until that great man, held in almost saintly reverence by most of China, died in 1925.

Mushy-Ko has told several versions

of the story of how he came to go to China. But this much seems fairly certain. He was born in London's poverty-stricken East End. His family later moved to Manchester and young Moishe learned to fight his way up in the hardest school of all—the tough, dirty streets of a crowded textile section before the turn of the century. He was probably 18 or 19 when he decided that Manchester was too crowded for him. He saved 10 pounds passage money and went to Canada.

"I did everything," he says. "I peddled clothes in Chinatown in Vancouver. I sold real estate lots for a promoter. I worked in the harvest fields of Manitoba. I herded cattle on the range and while I did that I bought two guns and learned how to shoot. Hell, I made a living. I never went hungry."

THEN THE World War came along and young Cohen joined a western Canadian outfit. He shipped to France in 1916 or thereabouts and saw some front line service. But the big thing that happened to him in France was being placed in charge of a Chinese labor battalion.

"See?" he says with a big grin. "I kept running into China every time I turned around. Before I ever came out to China I knew the Chinese well."

When the war was over, Cohen went back to Canada and tried his hand at business in Edmonton. Pretty soon he was sort of unofficial spokesman for the Chinese there. He advised them in business dealings and even

took a flyer into local politics in their behalf.

Meantime, in China, events were on the march. Dr. Sun had gone to Canton. The Kuomintang was rising as a powerful force for the rebirth of the nation. The half-defunct regime at Peiping was tottering and Chinese everywhere were aroused by the signs of awakening in the homeland. Branches of the Chinese Nationalist League—the overseas arm of Dr. Sun's Kuomintang—sprang up in Canada and Cohen joined the unit in Edmonton.

PROBABLY Cohen found life in Edmonton dull and not overly prosperous. At any rate, in 1922, accompanied by one of his Edmonton Chinese associates, he sailed for Canton—a spot then alive with action, danger, plots and counterplots.

In the center of it all was Dr.



Sun, and around him had gathered the students, the teachers, the philosophers—the intellectual forces of the new China who hoped to free their land from the bondage of the regional tuchuns and unite it as a single modern democracy. From Russia had come Communist organizers—the vanguard that later was to bring Borodin, Eugene Chen, the Prohmes and Jacques Doriot, the renegade red now in France's fascist camp. Young Chiang Kai-shek was just winning his spurs and had not yet emerged as the great military leader of his country.

It was into this atmosphere that Cohen stepped as a hired guard. Moishe Cohen quickly became Mushy-Ko or Ma-kun, depending upon the native dialect of the Chinese who attempted to render the name phonetically. And with equal rapidity Mushy-Ko became something much more than a paid bodyguard.

"I was a practical guy," he once said. "I had been around. I knew how to get things done. I gave a few demonstrations."

Dr. Sun gave Cohen the title of Brigadier-General. This did not necessarily imply that Mushy-Ko commanded Kuomintang troops in the field. There are stories current that Cohen was named at one time commander-in-chief of the Chinese army but Mushy-Ko himself, never backward in describing his role under Dr. Sun, does not seem ever to have made such a claim.

In a loquacious moment he once described his position as similar to that "of secretary of state or chan-

cellor of the exchequer."

"Somebody once called me an uncrowned king," he said and then laughed—a booming laugh that shook half the glasses on the long bar.

Actually, Mushy-Ko did two important things. He helped organize the Canton armies which Chiang Kai-shek later led north, and he had a major part in getting their supplies and arms.

He persuaded the Cantonese to bring in foreign officers to assist in training new militia and volunteers, of which the Cantonese armies were largely composed. This was a bright move. World War I had left a legacy of soldiers without armies. Many of them drifted to China, attracted by the endless civil wars and the possibility of adventure and personal gain. Cohen knew many of these men. He had a good deal in common with them. But most important, he was good at sizing up character. He winnowed out the shiftless, the treacherous, the idlers, and brought in a handful of crackerjack officers—mostly German and British. To these men—and to Cohen—go a far larger share of credit than is generally known for the military success won by Chiang Kai-shek when he swept northward in 1926.

But, Canton also had to have arms and equipment. Cohen drew the assignment.

"Sure," he says. "We needed the stuff. It was my job to get it. And, by God, I got it."

How and where he got it, he still does not discuss. But he had some hair-raising adventures. The crowded

waters between Hong Kong, Canton and Macao then, as now, were infested with pirates—old fashioned cut throats who preyed on each other, on the vast smuggling enterprises always afoot and even, occasionally, on big ocean freighters. Guns were a prize these desperadoes would halt at nothing to get.

ONE NIGHT Cohen was bringing a load of "stuff" up the river to Canton when suddenly he saw two junks bearing down on him, one from either side. There were half a dozen men in each junk, as he tells it, and he had only three besides himself.

"The motor in my boat was on the blink," he says, "and these birds crowded down on me fast. It was a tight spot. There was a little light on the water, enough so I could see the fellows in both junks. They were poised at the sides, ready to jump into my boat the instant they crashed."

Then, as Cohen recalls it, he "got a break."

"One of these fellows," he says, "had an itchy finger. He opened up at me while his boat was still about 15 yards away. I fired with the flash of his gun. Then they all blazed away. They were rotten shots. I had my two guns. I always carried two in those days. There were seven bullets in each gun so I figured I didn't have more than two to spare. I fired with the flash of their guns. One flash, one crack from my gun. I fired five shots at one crew. Then I swung around and fired five more at the second crew. That finished

'em. Ten shots. Ten bull's eyes."

Cohen doesn't insist that you believe that story, but he does swear that it is true.

"In a way," he says, "I was glad it happened. It put the fear of God into the river pirates. They didn't bother me for quite a while after."

In 1925 Dr. Sun died. There was no particular change in Mushy-Ko's duties. Dr. Sun had instructed his associates before his death that he wished China to recognize Cohen's services by providing for him for life. Actually, Mushy-Ko went right on with his work. He went abroad several times for the Cantonese, probably on supply missions, but he kept in the background. A little later, after Chiang broke with the left-wing Cantonese, purged the Communists and had a serious split with Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the revered Doctor, Mushy-Ko slipped further into the background. Not until the Mukden incident and the Shanghai war—the start of Japan's effort to conquer China in 1931—did Mushy-Ko move back into the picture.

All China rallied behind Chiang. Mushy-Ko was given command of a brigade of troops and acquitted himself ably. When hostilities petered out, he went back to Canton and presently was established as quasi-advisor and unofficial bodyguard for Wu Teh-chen, the Kwantung governor. He carried only a single gun now, but he was still a crack shot. When Mme. Sun Yat-sen returned to China from Russia, it was noticed that Mushy-Ko accompanied her every-

where, particularly on her many trips between Hong Kong and Canton.

Presently, the Japanese overran Canton and Mushy-Ko went back to his old work again—moving supplies in through the Japanese blockade—a task aided by his practical discovery that the Japanese commanders, for a price, would leave the coast unguarded on the nights when ammunition and oil were to be run through for Chungking.

His sources were probably as good as ever last December when the Japanese attacked Hong Kong. But he did not get out ahead of them—probably because he wanted to run supplies out until the last possible moment. Besides he didn't have to go away to fight the Japanese. This time they came to him. He was still there at the end when the Japanese swarmed over the little island and smothered the tiny defense corps.

THE REFUGEES who have slipped out of Hong Kong since its capture tell two stories about Mushy-Ko. One story is that the Japanese captured him manning a machine gun at a barricade, summarily turned him over to a firing squad and killed him.

The second, more likely tale, reports that Cohen fought until the surrender and then vanished. He was said to be carrying two guns again and not to care much for machine guns. He said they wasted too many bullets. The refugees who told this story said they expected Cohen would turn up any day, his guns well oiled and ready for action once more.

She can make you or break you—that office wife with whom you will spend most of your waking hours—so choose her with care



How to Pick an Office Wife

by GRETNA PALMER

HIRING a secretary is as personal and intimate as buying a pair of shoes: in both cases, the job should not be delegated to anyone else. In both cases, the primary requisites are comfort and fit. You, and no one else can pass on these points.

That is why personnel experts shudder at the practice, common to many busy businessmen, of saying to the oldest and most reliable woman in the office, "Hire me a new secretary." The results, they assure you, are bound to be bad. A good secretary is a jewel beyond price, but she is non-transferable.

The fact that a certain applicant has splendid references means nothing, unless the references are from a man like you in all his moods and innermost thoughts. The fact that she is the champion speed typist in the state, or that she can outspell the quiz show experts means little, unless her

personality and yours click.

Yes, hiring a secretary is one job that even the busiest man in the world should take time off to perform —like brushing his own teeth.

But the personnel experts with whom I have talked advise me that few men—few, even of the country's most successful men—understand the simple ABC's of hiring a secretary. These gentlemen may be absolute wizards at picking men for the jobs under them, but when it comes to choosing a woman for their own exclusive use, they are absurdly at a loss.

Yet the knowledge of a few rudimentary principles of secretary-hiring should make this task as simple as routine dictation.

Let us begin, say the experts, with a simple fact: the well-chosen secretary can contribute almost as much to a man's peace of mind as a beloved wife. Her main occupation, during

an eight-hour day, is to smooth his path and enable him to work at his high-powered best. The execution of his letters—the taking of his dictation—the answering of his phone—all are secondary to the main job of understanding the executive, his job and his business relationships.

Looking at a secretary's role in this light, Rule Number One becomes obvious: *No girl can be a good secretary unless she likes her boss.* She must feel that his affairs are so important that it is a pleasure to go without her lunch-hour and nibble a sandwich at her desk when pressure is high; she must be on her employer's side, against all business rivals; she must resist the wiles of the most insidious salesmen when he doesn't wish to see them.

Now, it's rare for a woman to like a man without being liked back; therefore, if the executive finds himself saying, "I like that girl," in the course of an interview, chances are he and she will get along fine. If, on the other hand, he thinks she is fitted for the job by all logical standards, but dislikes her on sight, he had better pass the lady up. Lack of congeniality will prevent her from ever giving him that extra measure of devotion which is essential to her job.

The hiring executive cannot be guided by liking alone, however. For if he is a normally sociable person, he might like 10 out of the 12 applicants who ask for the job, never realizing that there are profound reasons why Number 11 is the only one who will make him happy. Let's see why.

Suppose our executive had a lot of

trouble cutting the apron strings and still is trying to prove his independence of women by giving them orders. He may be the kind of man who arbitrarily chooses his wife's hat—or he may save his bullying for the office. In either case, let us imagine he finds himself confronted with a spirited redhead who has been on her own since the age of 12. She has supported an aged, drunken father and sent four brothers through school. She does not intend, at this date, to have her ego ground under the heel of a domineering employer. And, more than likely, if our executive does take her on, they will both be wretched and at odds until she finally throws up the job.

Next in line to the redhead is, say, a quiet little girl whose father died when she was a child. She turns a worshipful glance on any older man who throws a kind word to her. She is quite happy to accept her prospective boss' blustering belief that men are of the sex which knows better. To such a girl, a bullying employer is as welcome as Santa Claus. She longs to make herself useful to him and to undertake extra little chores, for which he will thank her with a benign smile. Obviously, our man with the streak of kindly bully in him will be wise to snap her up at once.

OUR SECOND executive, though, offers quite another problem. He is one of those timid little men, not quite accustomed to the idea that he is expected to give orders. If he hired a shy, wispy little secretary, they would sit for days avoiding each other's eyes.

What *he* needs is a brisk, competent woman—probably someone older, with a rather bleak and desolate life outside of office hours.

The ideal secretary to this second man will tell him what to do, and will serve his interests with a kindly, maternal devotion. She will know when to be stern with him about wearing his rubbers—as well as when to coddle him. A good secretary, given time, can pump such a deflated worm into a passable state of self-confidence.

LASTLY, of course, is that rare type of executive for whom secretaries should thank their lucky stars. Probably he has a charming wife of whom he is uncommonly fond. Certainly he has no quirks about women to work off on his secretary. Nor does he expect the girl whom he employs to belong to the office, body and soul. Consequently, such a man will be best served by a secretary who leads a cheerful, full life of her own. Perhaps she too is happily married. In any case, she should be a well-adjusted person, with no subconscious need to make eyes at him or to turn herself into a door mat for his benefit.

The above are the three main types

of employers. Obviously the personnel experts are correct in suggesting that much office friction arises from an employer's failure to recognize his type and to choose a secretary accordingly.

But there are still other pitfalls to be avoided when a man looks over the row of girls who think they would like to work for him.

For one thing, many men have a silly, shamefaced notion that they shouldn't choose a secretary who knows more about anything than they do. They feel this is bad for discipline. The most serious—and commonest—example of this is the man with a rather ragged educational background who knows he can't spell and is afraid to hire a college graduate for fear she will correct his grammar. Of course correcting the grammar of his business correspondence ought to be one of her most important tasks; such a man shouldn't worry about having his secretary scorn him because he gets mixed up on "like" and "as." If he has had the stuff to get to an executive's swivel-chair without knowing the difference he must have ability—and any smart secretary will recognize it and admire him for it.

Another error made by some men has its root in their fear of hiring a girl who is too pretty. Movies have convinced a remarkable percentage of men that they dare not have too beautiful an ornament around the office. What will the wife say? This, of course, depends on the wife: some women object to their husbands' having pretty girls in the office; their



wishes should be respected. But the vast majority of wives don't mind at all. Nevertheless, many excellent secretaries with no designs on anybody's home are out of work today, simply because they look too well.

Some men won't hire a secretary over 25; others demand a woman over 50. Some insist that the employee shall have a snazzy social background; others are suspicious of the finishing-school graduate. Actually, these things are of minor importance compared with one of the most serious faults found in would-be secretaries, yet which few men consider: *the one girl who will never make a good secretary for any man is the girl with an overload of ambition.*

This, when you think of it, is obvious. Very few women have climbed up from the secretary's note pad to the presidency of a corporation, and a girl who hopes to do so becomes embittered as time goes on and nobody makes her an officer. Soon, she may even grow to resent her employer as an obstacle to her success. It is precisely this ambition which makes most men secretaries less contented in their jobs than are most girls.

Now, it may reasonably be asked how can an executive tell whether a girl is too ambitious for a secretarial role? How, indeed, can he tell whether she has the kind of background and slant on life which will fit into his particular pattern?

The answer is simple: *the hiring interview, if given time and thought, will reveal many little things about the applicant which will save weeks of worry later.*



Some personnel experts recommend that all hiring interviews take place with the executive sitting in one easy chair, the girl in another. They believe that a desk between the two acts as a psychological barrier which prevents the secretary from being at her ease.

The first purpose of the hiring interview should be to make the applicant lose her normal self-consciousness and talk spontaneously about herself.

It's easy enough, in inquiring about a girl's past experience, to find out what kind of man she formerly worked for and how she felt about him. Was she in a small office with an elderly employer who remembered her birthday, and will she never accustom herself to another type of job? Did she work in a busy, impersonal office, where 20 secretaries had built up a social life of their own, with plenty of excitement and gossip? Was she happy in this hurly-burly?

"How do you feel about staying late, sometimes, to help me with my correspondence?" is a question that should bring out a good many hints on whether the young woman has a crowded social life, or a dependent family, or is a lonely soul who will put

her starved emotions into her job.

"*What kind of work do you want to be doing 10 years from now?*" is a particularly illuminating question. For one thing, you can tell by the girl's expression whether she looks with horror upon the idea of being single and employed at so distant a time. For another—and this is the real value of the question—her answer will help you to detect the girl who is too ambitious for any secretarial job ("I hope to be in business for myself"). If she looks undismayed but vague, and the question has obviously never crossed her mind, she's probably a good bet for some man as a secretary.

For some man—but not necessarily for you. For you know, by now, your own temperamental requirements.

You know whether there's enough excitement and rush in the office—whether it's just a hole-in-the-wall—whether you need a secretary with spirit or one with a doglike devotion to you. You know whether you need a secretary who can spell for you—or keep your household checkbook straight.

And most of all you know, almost at a glance, whether you and the young woman facing you can get along. Which after all, is the most important consideration of all.

Mind you, this secretarial paragon will appear in every batch of 20 or so girls whom the bureau sends in. All you have to do is to single her out on the basis of a few rules of elementary psychology.

Anton Otto Fischer



The fact that a ship's sailmaker was found dead one morning in 1902 by his mates and given traditional burial at sea is in itself hardly worthy of commemoration. However one of the men aboard that morning happened to be Anton Otto Fischer, now a famous magazine illustrator. Fischer remembered the scene vividly for years, finally set it down vividly on canvas. As a matter of fact, art and the sea have been Fischer's life—he's shipped aboard almost every type of craft afloat. "You see," he wrote us recently, "like every illustrator I know, I at times grow desperate at the grind and try to play at being a painter." *Burial at Sea* sprang from such an impulse—the first of a projected series of paintings about life at sea in the days of sailing ships.

John Stockton DeMartelly

As completely American as the old farmer in *Two Old Toms*, John S. DeMartelly is a robust exponent of nationalism in art. First discovered by Thomas Hart Benton, he now heads the Department of Illustration and Graphic Arts at the Kansas City Art Institute.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF M. M. MILLS, MARBLETON, N. Y.

BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Burial at Sea



BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Sea

Two Old Toms





From automobiles to airplanes in one big boom—that's Detroit—America's greatest arsenal. But hard on the heels of the boom came problems, still unsolved



Detroit on the Double

by KENT SAGENDORPH

ONE DAY last February, a Detroit factory worker left his post for a moment to answer a call of nature. When he returned, his huge machine was gone, foundation and all. He saw the great bulk of it sliding out of the door on its side. "Catch them!" he shouted. "They're stealing my machine!"

It was Uncle Sam who stole his machine. That was M-Day in the automotive industry. On that day a curt code message was received from Washington ordering the industry to put into effect "The Plan" which had been evolving secretly for months.

The production men moved so swiftly that the country was stunned. Great multi-ton body presses were trundled into vacant lots and covered against weather. Bulky shapers and milling machines were trucked across town to new locations—their workers riding with them, lunch boxes under

their arms. By night-time, munition production was under way.

"That's Detroit," people said. "That's American production for you. Not a minute lost!"

Actually, it was less a production miracle than a demonstration of intelligent planning. For months beforehand, Detroit had been building a few guns and Army trucks on small educational orders from Washington. It was slow, hand-machined work.

Detroit industrialists saw at once that they must adapt a faster technique if they were to be saddled with the responsibility for real mass arms production. And so, engineering staffs had worked far into the night, blueprinting a daring conception of how to build armament. The result was a liberal translation of automotive tools and assembly methods to the production of materials of war.

For the first few weeks it was mostly

trial-and-error; try something, scrap it, try a better way. Meanwhile, actual production moved forward. The stream of guns, tanks, trucks, aircraft wings and engines began to pour forth. By spring, it became a torrent. Today that torrent is becoming a deluge—a flood on a rampage. Detroit's engineers say the peak rates of production will come this fall. What Detroit will be then, Detroiters fear to say.

ORDINARILY, this added influx of workers and this confusion could be taken in stride—theoretically. Detroit is large enough to absorb this extra population. But by mid-spring there were 64,000 known newcomers to Detroit seeking jobs—and they were still coming in at the rate of 2,500 a week. This threw a heavy strain on the city's facilities.

For Detroit is not the engineering marvel that its factories are. It began to have trouble even before this new influx of population. Pressure of public sentiment had forced the transit commission to scrap most of its streetcars and take up the tracks. Detroit, cradle of the automobile, has always been a motor-mad town anyway; streetcar and bus traffic had declined 150,000 annually from its boom peak in 1929. City driving is so popular that owners of downtown real-estate find it more profitable to operate parking-lots than to build and lease buildings.

In addition, distances in Detroit are appalling. New homes are anywhere from 15 to 25 miles out. Many Detroiters commute daily from Ann

Arbor, a distance of 40 miles, over a new superhighway.

Then came the ban on tires.

It has forced Detroit to the heart-breaking task of reshuffling its population. Colonies of workers must be provided for, somehow, within walking distance or by means of some rubber-less conveyance within a short ride of these plants.

Workers are riding in each others' cars now, taking turns by the week. But when their present tires wear out, they'll be on foot. Detroit cannot get great piles of tires for busses. It has so few streetcars remaining, and so few miles of line, that many industrial areas are not served by streetcar at all. Workers must live where they can, not where they prefer. Detroit's stifling traffic is due in large measure to these workers' attempts to hold a job in a defense plant out in the meadows behind Hamtramk and live in Melvindale; a drive through 25 miles of traffic lights.

The solution is the hardest one; clearing vacant lots and a mile or two of tumbledown frame houses and building housing projects near the new plants. When this need became apparent, it brought with it a need to plan intelligently for an unprecedented conversion of the city itself to war work. This conversion is no less miraculous than that of her industry.

Wartime Detroit will indeed surprise the visitor of yesteryear, who admired its luxury hotels, its world-famed park system. Known internationally as one of America's most beautifully-maintained cities, it is begin-



ning to dig great gaping holes and plant them full of defense housing projects. It must expand and revamp municipal facilities all along the line; change sewer mains, dig miles of trenches for water lines, move schools bodily, expand hospital facilities, organize a new way of doing everything.

WATER LINES do not exist in the raw meadows alongside some of the new defense plants. Nor is there any paving—a fact painfully evident to anyone driving west on Michigan superhighway during the change of shift at Willow Run. Great clouds of dust can be seen for miles as solid lines of cars try to get through to highways.

But at least four mammoth new government-financed plants will be provided with limited-access highways at government expense, open only during change-of-shift periods.

Detroit's fight for sanity in her transition period is an epic of municipal courage. At every hand, city authorities were hamstrung by pressure groups. One master plan after another has been brought up in the Common Council, only to fall a victim to the same difficulty.

For example, the whole attempt to

build defense housing projects went by the board because the various factions in Detroit cannot agree on what to do. To speed construction, the city acquired \$15,000,000 worth of slum-area property, to be converted into two mammoth projects. The Detroit Housing Commission, set up to administer these areas, laid plans to build 30,000 family-unit dwellings at once on those sites. Detroit banks provided capital under FHA auspices. But the CIO thrust up a restraining hand, insisting that all of them be built as permanent houses by local union labor. This scrapped the entire plan, because the units planned were ready-built sections, all set for joining together at the corners.

A deadlock developed, until finally, someone suggested that the housing commission make temporary repairs to the shacks on the condemned project areas and rent them. This suggestion was adopted.

First results of this plan were not long in appearing. Disputes between landowners and desperate factory workers brought out some curious situations: near Highland Park a newly-arrived family was living in a renovated barn without plumbing or sani-

tation—at \$50 a month; near Wayne, a farmer couldn't understand why indignant defense workers nearly mobbed him for demanding \$25 per month rent for trailer space in his orchard; rooms formerly hard to rent at \$3.50 per week suddenly jumped to \$10. Then Leon Henderson slapped a ceiling on rents. Gouging stopped.

Lack of proper housing is producing another serious problem, too. Many thousands of these newly-arrived workers bring their children along. In many cases, husband and wife both work because the jobs are available; they want to get all they can while they can. And with both parents working, suburban areas of Detroit are breeding the worst child delinquency wave in the city's history.

House projects would have provided supervision for these children.

In the city, every shopping day looks like the day before Christmas. Crowds jam the sidewalks. People line up patiently at bus stops. Service in some of the better restaurants is fitful and apologetic; waitresses are quitting by the thousands to take factory jobs. Stouffer's,* one of the best-loved restaurants on the picturesque Washington Boulevard, had to close its mezzanine because it could not get help. Even tiny Bobby Carr, the famous midget bellhop at the Hotel Book-Cadillac, quit to work in a plant making aircraft wings. His job is to crawl inside and back up the riveters.

Drug stores in Detroit, especially, are beginning to present an un-American spectacle of regimented custom-

*See Coronet, May '42, pg. 20

ers, lined up three deep back of the soda fountain, wooden-faced, waiting to place their orders. Retail trade in Detroit is up 44 per cent. Cut-rate chain stores, in several cases, have jumped 200 per cent over any previous peak.

It is the defense worker who buys that merchandise in those stores. Cost of living is up 7.6 per cent in Detroit in six months, but average weekly factory wages are up 11.5 per cent, giving the average Detroit factory worker \$42.37 per week. They are buying some war bonds and stamps, but mostly they are buying knick-knacks—items small enough to be carried out the front door and cheap enough to be paid for at one purchase.

Manny Cornfield, manager of the Campus Martius store of the Sam's Cut-Rate chain, says: "Our volume is limited mainly by the speed of our clerks wrapping merchandise and ringing up sales."

"We do not feel," said John R. Stewart of the Board of Commerce, "that this increased trade indicates a boom condition. We are convinced that a typical runaway boom can be averted here by the intelligent cooperation of our people."

Other Detroiters identify the boomlet in various ways. "The only thing wrong with Detroit," grumpily comments Bingay of the *Free Press*, "is the number of people asking what's wrong with Detroit." Charles Edgecombe of the Detroit Housing Commission regards the present difficulties as due "to the influx of too many workers too fast" before housing and

transportation problems were solved.

Management in most Detroit plants, big and small, is more concerned about the defense of the metropolitan area than about sociological conditions inside it. There has been a great deal of industry-wide sarcasm directed against the Office of Civilian Defense. James M. Landis came to Detroit and made a very intensive, foot-by-foot survey. Upon returning to Washington he served notice that no direct federal financing was to be applied to Detroit defense. That, apparently, was not what the city was expecting. Various Army officers expressed personal opinions to the effect that the bombing of Detroit might likely become an enemy's first objective in continental U.S. Suddenly the city became very wide awake to its exposed and vulnerable condition.

THE State of Michigan sent Capt. Don Leonard of the State Police to London for a detailed study. Upon his return he started to work blocking out a Detroit defense organization. He worked fast, raising and organizing Detroit's first really active defense group—the kind which voluntarily stays up far into the night to practice.

Meanwhile, the State Police announced that the growth of sabotage and subversive-act cases in the state was so marked that it had become necessary to detach one of the outfit's best-known officers to head a new anti-sabotage unit which would work with the FBI. Then sabotage declined almost to zero.

"Don't be fooled!" warned a De-

troit industrialist. "Our city is still honeycombed with spies and saboteurs, who are waiting until Hitler or Hirohito gives the signal to launch a disastrous all-out smash against our factories. This attack will come from within at the same moment enemy bombers are overhead." Detroiters shivered.

Mass-production at Detroit volume carries the inherent danger of consolidation of assembly lines in great plants which are extremely vulnerable to bombardment attack. Enemy assault on Detroit, on the same scale as the present British assault on German industry, must not silence Uncle Sam's No. 1 arsenal, a major center of manufacture of almost every item used in modern mechanized warfare.

Meanwhile, as production mounts to fantastic volume, the army of workers continues to move in, paralyzing facilities and threatening a series of sociological and inflation-bent dangers. Of course there are compensations. The old Hupp motors plant, bankrupt for years, paid off 100 cents on the dollar and showed a profit. The periodic layoffs in yesterday's Detroit vanished. Workers are enjoying the biggest buying spree in years. What's more, Detroit has survived two major disasters: the great fire of 1805 and the cholera of 1837.

But of her 250 years of crisis-studded history, today's plague is regarded as Detroit's worst. Today her proud old families, secluded in their mansions, are hoping they live to see the day when their once-beautiful city is returned to them—intact.

Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain



* * * Irene Kuhn in *Assigned to Adventure* told of walking, wide awake and whistling, down Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, when the scene before her suddenly faded; for an instant she saw a grass covered hill across which spring sunlight spread feebly. On the hill were three peculiarly shaped trees. There was a small iron fence, and in the background smokestacks of a factory. A black limousine drove up, and a white-faced woman alighted. She was assisted to a spot where a small hole had been dug in the grass. A tiny box lay in the hole.

And then, as suddenly, she again saw only Michigan Boulevard.

The following May, Irene Kuhn was driven in a black limousine to a cemetery she had never seen, where the ashes of her husband, who a month before had died suddenly in China, were to be returned to the earth. There before her was the spring

sunlight, the rusty iron fence, the grassy hill, the three peculiar trees, the factory in the background, and the small box in the little hole—just as it had been in the momentary vision on Michigan Boulevard.



* * * When Tito Schipa, famous lyric tenor, stopped in Vercelli in the early days of his career, the only room available at the inn was one formerly occupied by the innkeeper's dead father. In a burst of confidence, the innkeeper explained that, due to the loss of his father's will, he was about to lose the inn.

On the second night that he slept in the dead man's room, Schipa was awakened by a loud whirring sound. Thinking this might be caused by a bat, he searched the room—finding

nothing. As soon as he was again in bed, he once more heard the whirring sound, this time directly above his head. Then, while fully awake, he distinctly heard a voice say, "Look on the left wall."

Schipa shrugged aside the voice as imaginary. Suddenly three distinct knocks resounded on the wainscoting of the left wall, directly behind a large oil portrait. Now thoroughly aroused, Schipa removed the painting from the wall. Behind it was a neatly folded paper—*the lost will*.



• • • While staying at a friend's country house in Ireland, Lord Dufferin, British diplomat, awakened one night in a state of meaningless dread. To quiet his nerves, he got up and stood by the window.

In the bright moonlight outside, the figure of a man took shape and walked slowly in front of the window. On his back the man carried a large box. As he passed the window, he turned and looked at Dufferin.

The man's face was indescribably ugly, his features inhuman. Just as the man was passing out of sight, Dufferin realized the object he was carrying was a coffin. The next day Dufferin made a number of inquiries as to the man's identity, but could learn nothing.

Years later, when Dufferin was ambassador to Paris, he was about to enter an elevator on his way to an important diplomatic gathering, when

he glanced at the elevator operator. It was the horrible-faced man he had seen years before carrying the coffin through the moonlit Irish woods.

With an exclamation, Dufferin stepped back. The cage started upwards, ascended three floors—then the cable broke and the cage crashed to the basement. A number of prominent persons were killed, others injured.

Investigation revealed that the elevator operator, who was killed in the accident, had been hired for that day only. And although the secret services of three countries endeavored to discover who he was, his identity still remains a mystery.



• • • A few days before the Easter Parliamentary recess in 1905, Major Sir Carne Rasch had a severe attack of influenza and was unable to attend a certain session of the House of Commons, although he desired intensely to support the government. At the height of the debate, Sir Gilbert Parker noticed Rasch seated in his usual place. A moment later Rasch disappeared.

Later two other members of the House, Sir Arthur Hayter and Sir Henry Bannerman, stated that they had also seen Rasch seated in his accustomed place. Yet during the entire night of the debate, Rasch was tossing restlessly in his bed at home, watched over constantly by a nurse.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

All of Mussolini's fighting men together wouldn't make one good Roman; what changed their blood to sandus!



Mussolini's Mild Men

by ALLAN A. MICHEL

IN THE two-year-old see-saw battle across the desert sands of Libya and Egypt, between Allied forces and the Axis, the Italians have contributed handsomely — contributed comic relief!

Indeed, Mussolini's warriors have been so tragically funny that Italy can almost be considered a passive ally of the United Nations. Hardly a day passes in this otherwise cheerless theatre of war without a new incident in which the obliging "Eye-ties," as the British call them, have made another contribution to the Allied cause.

It was the huge stocks of captured Italian war materials that enabled General Wavell to stage his 1940-1941 offensive, round up two-thirds of the Italian army in Libya and destroy forever the illusion that Italy was a major power. Most of the British anti-aircraft guns captured by the

Japs in Malaya and Singapore were originally provided by the Italians in Libya. The Breda ack-ack guns which shoot down Italian bombers over the Suez Canal and Malta were once shipped from Naples to Italy's Abyssinian colony. Willing Italian prisoners of war even helped British farmers gather last year's harvest.

In the bomb-blasted, once-Italian towns along the Libyan coast-line, all that remains of Il Duce's proud empire are bombastic slogans painted on the walls of battered buildings: *VIVE IL DUCE! BELIEVE, OBEY, FIGHT.* Ironic reminders that Mussolini lost his empire because his soldiers neither believed, obeyed, nor fought.

To those of us who have seen the hapless Italians in action on the Middle East battleground, the famed backward advance of Mussolini's soldiers at Guadalajara during the Spanish Civil War is no mystery. The

Italians simply don't want to fight! Forced into a war by a jackal dictator who thought that France's collapse would leave him the easy pickings of the British Empire, Italy's conscripted soldiers demonstrate at every chance they get that this is not their war. They aren't mad at anybody.

When Italian Marshal Graziani marched across Libya to the Egyptian border with his army of 250,000 men in the summer of 1940, he carried along truckloads of marble monuments from Rome with which he intended to mark his triumphal way across to the Suez Canal. The outside world took Italian valor at Mussolini's face value and waited for British General Wavell's tiny army to be annihilated. But Graziani hesitated on the frontier, and while he tried to make up his mind, Wavell struck.

Unable to use more than two divisions (30,000 men) at any one time, Wavell pushed the Italians back 600 miles in eight weeks and captured more than 140,000 prisoners. At most places the Italians resisted only until it became unhealthy and then surrendered in droves.

The Eyeties surrendered so fast that wise-cracking British Tommies claimed more Italians were injured trying to become prisoners of war than in the actual fighting. In the attack on Bardia and Tobruk in January, 1941, the British took nearly 75,000 Italian prisoners, of whom only 1400 were wounded.

Even the support of the Nazis has not stiffened Mussolini's weak sis-

ters. When the British attack nowadays, the Germans fight stubbornly but the Italians usually have their suitcases packed at their sides ready to take along to the prisoners-of-war camps. During General Auchinleck's offensive, one captured British officer tried to make a run for it while British bombers were attacking his captors. A Nazi guard fired a burst from a Tommy gun over his head. A whole platoon of Italians, with their hands high in the air, suddenly popped out of a nearby ditch.

Some months ago a British Guards battalion made a sally into Libya and captured 200 Italians. Piling their prisoners into captured Italian lorries, they started back for the British lines. On the way, one of the Italian trucks broke down and the Guards commander, unwilling to risk a delay, ordered his men to abandon the vehicle and 32 prisoners in it.

Fifteen minutes later the British column sighted a truck coming after them at great speed. It was the 32 Italians. "We want to remain British prisoners" they protested.

DURING General Auchinleck's offensive into Libya a huge British Sunderland flying boat carrying 20 RAF men was shot down and crash-landed in the sea off Libya, but the men managed to paddle ashore. On the beach the unarmed Britishers were met by 50 Italian soldiers who claimed them as prisoners, and the mixed band started off along the coast to the Axis lines.

Next day it ran into 20 Italian

officers. The officers were mad at the Germans because the Nazis had commandeered their vehicles and left them to walk. They proposed that, in return for their being nice to their British captives, they should receive favorable treatment if they fell into British hands. From then on it was hard to tell who were the captors and who the captives.

After a few days in the desert the Italian officers suggested that they give the British rifles and leave them to defend themselves, while the Italians headed for Bengasi. The RAF men insisted that Bengasi had fallen to the British. It hadn't, but the Italians were convinced. So the whole group turned about and headed eastward toward the British lines. Along the way Italian stragglers asked permission to join the party, and a few days later the RAF men marched into a British camp with 100 Italian prisoners.

Against the Eyeties, the British have pulled off incredible single-handed captures which should only happen in the funny papers. One South African pilot-friend of mine, in Kenya, received a shipment of six Hurricane fighters for his squadron. When the first plane was assembled, he took it up to test it and almost before he knew it, he was a couple of hundred miles into Abyssinia.

Quite by coincidence, of course, he found himself over an Italian air-drome. As he roared over one of the hangars he decided to test his guns but when he banked around to give the hangar another spurt he was

startled to see half-a-dozen Italian airmen run out waving white flags.

He raced back to his home field and announced that he had just captured an Italian airdrome. His five flight companions refused to believe him, but flew back with him to the Italian airdrome. Just to make sure, they came down line astern over the field and peppered the buildings with bullets. This time the whole Italian personnel ran out waving white sheets.

GEORGE RODGER, the photographer who accompanied me in the Middle East, was photographing the British assault on the Italian Abyssinian stronghold of Keren when he suddenly ran out of film in the midst of the battle. He took a shortcut to the British headquarters for more film.

As he came around a small dune a burst of machine gun fire ripped the leaves from the trees above his head. He flopped to the ground and crawled on his hands and knees around to the other side of the dune. Suddenly he came face-to-face with five crawling Italians.

Rodger, who was unarmed, leaped to his feet and threw his hands in the air. Simultaneously, the five Italians jumped up and threw their hands into the air. Then the six of them broke out laughing. Rodger gave them a handful of cigarettes and they showed him how to reach British headquarters without getting shot up. They gave him a bayonet and an automatic and he showed them how to get to the British lines to surrender.

The Italians preferred to starve to

death rather than surrender to the knife-wielding Ethiopians. The report of what happened to their General Volpini did more to break their morale than all the British victories. Volpini, a cruel tyrant whose bloody rule as a military governor will never be forgotten in Abyssinia, was surrounded and left his fort under a white flag to surrender to the British-Indian troops. But the Ethiopians with their long-curved knives reached him first and hacked off their trophy.

When the campaign in Abyssinia dragged to a close the Italians had some 50,000 men holding positions in the Gondar region. The British, who needed all their available troops in Libya, shrewdly withdrew the Indian and South African soldiers from Abyssinia and turned

over the siege of the Gondar to Haile Selassie's army. Unwilling to face the Ethiopians in battle, the Italians remained inside their fortresses until they were starving, then sent a message to the British that they would surrender in a body if the British would send troops to protect them. They did.

The British in the Middle East eventually captured so many Italians that they didn't know what to do with them. Wavell took 140,000 in Libya and his commanders added another 160,000 in East Africa, while

General Auchinleck's later offensive netted 50,000, a grand total of 350,000.

India agreed to take 50,000. When I was there six months ago she had received 80,000 and they were still coming. One camp holds several thousand soldiers and 15 Italian generals, who live in comparative comfort and with more to eat than most people in Britain.

When Il Duce had lost most of his empire he was forced to call in the Nazis to help him hold what was left. The Italians settled down to wait out the war. Whenever the going got tough, they continued to surrender.

Italian desertions in Libya became so widespread that German infantrymen were placed among the Italian soldiers to "stiffen" their morale and prevent, in one way or another, Mus-

solini's warriors from going over to the British. Time and again when Italian units came toward the British lines with their hands in the air, German tanks would race out and machine gun the Italians in the back.

WHEN THEY were forced to fight by the Germans, the Italians always found an easy way out. In the air raids on Tobruk, German pilots were assigned to lead the Italian squadrons. The German leader would go into a spectacular, screaming dive to

Next Month

WALT DISNEY GOES TO WAR!

with a Disney gatefold in color—suitable for framing

within a few feet of the ground, but the prudent Italians would make little curtsies toward the earth and then bomb from a great height. One little Cockney sergeant swears that he once saw three Italians dive upward.

The Germans have no love for their Axis brothers, but they seldom allow their contempt for Il Duce's soldiers to break into print. An exception was the German magazine which a colleague of mine discovered in Libya. One dead-pan item was headed, **ITALIAN WAR COMMUNIQUE:**

On the Tobruk front a large force of Italians attacked one

enemy cyclist, causing him to dismount. After heavy and prolonged fighting they were able to puncture his tires. The front wheel was destroyed, while the loss of the rear wheel must also be considered probable. The handle bars are in our hands, but possession of the frame is still being bitterly contested.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

WAR HAS SEVEN FACES

by Frank Gervasi \$2.50

Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., New York

ACTION ON ALL FRONTS

by Ralph M. Ingersoll \$3.50

Harper & Brothers, New York



Uncle Sam Gets Around

THE PROSPECT of fighting on foreign soil may seem something of a novelty to many Americans—particularly to those who were too young for the first A.E.F. But, contrary to general belief, landing troops on foreign soil is an old story in American history.

According to a document issued by the United States Government Printing Office, there have been 85 occasions between 1812 and 1932 when bluejackets, marines and Regular Army troops have occupied foreign territory. There have been 45 distinct incidents since the start of the 20th century when U.S. detachments have been landed in other climes.

Since 1854, American forces have

been sent to China 25 separate times, into Japanese territory four times, the Dominican Republic three times, Honduras six times, Nicaragua three times, Mexico three times, Panama twice, the Fiji Islands three times, Korea three times and Cuba three times.

The list of countries where our forces have landed, by invitation or otherwise, is extensive. It includes, besides those listed above and those visited by the A.E.F. during World War I: Puerto Rico, the Falkland Islands, Sumatra, Samoa, Uruguay, Chile, Brazil, Kisembo (Africa), Formosa, Hawaii, Egypt, Haiti and Smyrna (Turkey).

—ROBERT M. HYATT

The President uses them; movie stars employ them; so does Big Business—clipping bureaus have cut themselves an exciting slice of the American scene



Valets to the Newsworthy

by DICKSON J. HARTWELL

ONE DAY back in the dimness of the past century, a young Lithuanian immigrant named Henry Romeike happened to be standing by a news-dealer in the Paris Latin Quarter. Romeike watched curiously as several artists approached and negotiated for items from the current newspapers which the newsdealer snipped out for them with a small scissors.

Romeike learned that an art show was being held. Unable to afford the cost of an entire paper, artists bought clippings about their work at a sou each. Romeike noted that the proprietor sold many cuttings from the same paper, thereby getting back several times its cost for a clear, if modest profit. It gave him an idea.

Within a week he had started the world's first organized clipping service. A year later he opened an office in London and a year after that, in 1881, he established in New York, Henry

Romeike and Company, the oldest clipping bureau in the United States.

Today there are four national and perhaps a hundred local clipping agencies throughout the country, covering every magazine and newspaper published for general circulation. All told, they mark, cut, identify, sort and mail out to their eager customers well over 100,000 clippings every day. There is even a bureau which "clips" radio programs.

Most people think of clipping bureaus as subsisting on human vanity. Actually they are a serious and essential business. Only occasionally does vanity impel an individual to subscribe. Almost invariably the motive is based on good, dollars-and-cents business practice. President Roosevelt, highly sensitive to public opinion, has built up one of the world's largest clipping bureaus as a special government department. Through it digests

of editorial comment and news slants are prepared for him daily. These clippings vitally affect legislation in Congress and particularly White House sponsorship of it.

If it were possible, the Government also would clip magazines and newspapers published in enemy and occupied countries. The war prevents this but the Federal Communications Commission has organized, under Dr. Lloyd A. Free, the Federal Monitoring Service which records, translates and digests every foreign broadcast, short and long wave, which can be picked up in this country and England. Reports on its "clippings" go to the White House, the War and Navy departments and to several government propaganda bureaus.

But if clipping services are vital to government in peace and war, they are hardly less important to business, industry, the entertainment world and, often, to just plain John Q. Public. Sometimes they play an important part in the lives of people who hardly know they exist.

IN A SMALL midwestern city, Arthur Allen was assistant claim adjuster for a minor branch office of a big insurance company. Allen knew his job and was keen and alert. So were hundreds of other young men in his company. But Allen was active in his community—as a scoutmaster; as head of a church social committee; as chairman of a small group soliciting funds for the Red Cross.

Local newspaper accounts of these and his other activities were carefully

preserved at the home office—gathered for the company by one of the clipping bureaus. They were just little squibs to which hardly anyone would give a second thought—yet when a branch manager was needed for the West Coast, home office executives went over them carefully. Of 20 men with equally outstanding qualifications, Allen got the job: he had the most clippings.

Clipping bureaus are important in other ways. A national distributor of a popular household appliance, endeavoring to prevent ruinous price cutting, finally persuaded the dealers to agree to a fair price code. A short time later he received a batch of clippings from his bureau. In 10 minutes he had a dealer 2,000 miles away on the telephone.

"Take that 10 per cent discount out of your ads," he said firmly, "or I'll revoke your agency franchise."

The dealer meekly acquiesced, wondering how the devil the manufacturer on the other side of the continent had known about his two by four ad in the local weekly. The manufacturer had ordered his bureau to clip every advertisement in which the appliance was mentioned.

Although the great bulk of his business has to do with commercial organizations, Nathaniel J. Ruben, who today operates Henry Romeike, Inc., and who has spent some 25 years in the business, doesn't believe that one out of 50 of his clients subscribes just for the thrill of seeing his name in the news.

"Anyone who is important enough to attract attention," he says, "is



usually sensible enough to keep track of what is said about him. Actors, artists, singers and radio stars want clippings because they often mean more bookings at higher fees. They know when the clippings stop maybe the jobs will stop too."

Prominent movie stars limit their clippings to those appearing in two or three representative cities. From this sample they keep abreast of the national trend.

THE NATIONAL bureaus—Romeike, Luce, Burrelle and Consolidated—clip from half to almost all of the 2,131 daily newspapers and as many as 7,000 of the nation's 11,400 weekly papers. Up to 2,000 trade, technical and general magazines are also clipped by one or another of the bureaus. Their annual subscription bills run as high as \$30,000.

When the morning mail arrives, perhaps 20 sacks of it, the papers are distributed among women readers who cover the same publications every day. It takes three months to train a reader—a misleading term incidentally, for she doesn't read; she

scans, picking out key words at a glance down a column. This leads to unavoidable and sometimes amusing errors. The readers of one bureau with an order to clip all mentions of olives marked hundreds of notices mentioning Olive Thomas when the actress died a number of years ago. The Stork Club, prominent New York night club, frequently finds society mentions of births among its notices. But so thorough is the job that it takes two full days for one reader to go through a Sunday edition of *The New York Times*, a paper which has been known to produce as many as 1,000 clippings in one edition or, at current rates, some \$60 worth.

Readers receive new orders by loudspeaker announcement three times a day. Orders are repeated for about 10 days. After that expert readers are expected to carry them in their heads along with an average of some 3,000 other items. Men don't make good readers for the interesting reason that they waste time reading, instead of merely scanning. Today the bureaus claim 90 per cent efficiency although publicity men only expect

them to produce about 40 per cent.

When the Japanese launched their attack last December, Burrelle's, which includes among its customers Myron C. Taylor, Bernard M. Baruch and Sidney Hillman, was asked by the War Department to clip all mentions of the war in the Far East. By the end of the month, when the work was transferred to the government bureau, 20,000 clippings had been sent to Washington. This is a large order, but some have been larger. The advance publicity on an American Legion Convention produced 25,000 clips and during a 30-day test for the silk interests, 50,000 advertisements and news stories mentioning silk were produced. And one bureau is said to have clipped 1,000,000 items on the New Deal for the 1936 Democratic National Committee.

WHEN Lindbergh flew to Paris he placed an order for clippings. On his return he was presented with a bill for some \$3,000 but was able to prove that he had with no little foresight limited his order to \$35 worth. An English nobleman who was interested in the romance between Wallis Simpson and King Edward VIII wondered what attention the affair was receiving in America. He ordered clippings and was snowed under by 20,000 in the first shipment.

Clipping bureaus receive a constant stream of unusual requests. One, which has been on the books for years, is from an artificial limb manufacturer who takes all mentions of amputations. Others are from department

stores and specialty shops who want all notices of engagements, marriages and births.

A manufacturer of voting machines requests all city, county and state government discussions of voting and a distributor of parking machines maintains a similar order on parking problems. One order was a direct result of tire rationing. A mechanic invented a lock to prevent tire thefts and in order to find customers asked for all items describing stolen tires. Authors request clippings of oddities or unusual stories that may give them a suggestion for a plot, and a popular radio program, the Court of Missing Heirs, was originated through clippings on the subject.

The Luce Bureau makes a specialty of supplying data to philanthropic organizations. From papers all over the country it gleans information on gifts of \$100 or more to community chests, hospitals, the Red Cross and other agencies and publishes them in a confidential daily report to a large number of organizations interested in knowing who is giving away money. Included in this report are data on all bequests of \$20,000 or more made to individuals.

Another bureau makes a specialty of providing handsomely bound clipping books containing all the newspaper stories pertaining to some event. The successful election of a candidate for minor office, important anniversaries and weddings make especially appropriate occasions for such commemorative books which may cost anywhere from \$50 to \$500 each.

Occasionally, as when David Belasco died, the widow or a member of the family will order a permanently bound volume of editorial lament and eulogy.

One of America's multiferous minor rackets is concerned with unscrupulous clipping bureaus. Every year thousands of people, particularly in small communities, receive from a "clipping bureau" printed cards informing them that the "bureau" has a clipping about them in which they might be interested. The card states that the clipping will be forwarded on receipt of 50 cents in stamps or coin. Although no paper is mentioned by name, as the message bears a big city post mark many recipients believe that their name has appeared in a metropolitan paper and send the money requested. What they receive in return is a squib from the personals of their own local weekly.

BEFORE World War II began, many foreign countries and embassies were among the more distinguished clipping subscribers. Now some of the governments-in-exile are customers. But most of the business from foreign subscribers—including Chanel, Patou, Schiaparelli and Lanvin—is gone. Japan cancelled on December 8. But the Soviet is still a good client. Every day Romeike sends a batch of clippings mentioning Russia to an information official in Moscow.

Several abortive efforts to start a commercial radio clipping service preceded the successful establishment several years ago of Radio Reports,

Inc. This bureau will on request "clip" anything on the air but its customers are mostly concerned with news and serious discussion and commentary programs. For its clients, a list of whom reads like a cross section of the American business blue-book—American Telephone and Telegraph, Bordens, General Motors, J. P. Morgan and Co. Inc. and U. S. Steel are examples—Radio Reports has two basic services. It sends them a full report transcribed on records or a daily written digest of pertinent points.

Although nobody is getting rich operating a clipping bureau, the four leading organizations are said to be substantial and prospering. They are all over 50 years old and have built up a loyal clientele. With business and industry increasingly appreciative of the importance of a complete clipping file they look ahead to a comfortable future, content. But whenever they think of the Federal Government and the thousands of clippings that are being cut up in Washington every day at a cost of about \$3,000,000 a year, they get a bit wistful. They could handle that business nicely, they say—drooling. Mr. Roosevelt's name is going to be in the news, they figure, for some time to come.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

PRINCIPLES OF PUBLICITY
by *Quinn and Casey* \$3.00
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

WHAT READING DOES TO PEOPLE
by *D. Waples, B. Berelson* \$2.00
and F. R. Bradshaw
University of Chicago Press, Chicago

Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show



• • • In 1936, Father Marcel Brennier, a Belgian missionary whose parish consisted of a few savage tribes in the heart of the Congo, captured a young gorilla. For several months he gave the ape freedom of the house, taught him cleanliness, and to obey commands. Next the Father began teaching the gorilla to perform simple household duties.

Within a few months, the ape had learned to guard his master's house, sweep the floor, change the bedding. A second gorilla was then captured. Although slower witted than the first, he also learned household chores. He weeded the garden, picked fruit from the jungle for his master, swept and ordered the house.

Eventually, the second gorilla died, but the first still remained with the Father when the missionary was last heard from. The man and the gorilla had learned the meaning of enough of each other's words and grunts to

establish a workable language. The gorilla continued to perform the majority of the household chores, the world's strangest servant.



• • • V. B. Morey of Ridgewood, New Jersey, noticed a number of ants engaged in removing sawdust from a small hole in a porch pillar. As each grain was gnawed out, it was hauled to the edge of the top step and dropped.

An ant stationed on the step below then picked up the grain and carried it to the edge of his step. Here he would in turn drop it to an ant on the step below, and so on to the bottom of the steps. By this highly efficient division of labor—which was obviously designed to meet a specific unique situation — the grains were transported to the walk below the

steps. Here another ant carried them into the shrubbery.

Occasionally, as Morey watched, a new shift would come on, the fresh ants replacing the tired ones, but each assuming the specific duty performed by his predecessor.

• • • For many years, Tommy, an ordinary cat, was the inseparable companion of Mrs. Ann Regan of Rockville, Connecticut.

On the day that Mrs. Regan died, Tommy refused to eat. For 24 hours he meticulously searched every corner of the house. Then suddenly, as if in answer to a voice, he turned, walked directly down the stairs and out the front door. Calmly and deliberately he strode into the path of an approaching automobile.

According to Robert W. Brown of New York City, who tells the story, witnesses believe Tommy intentionally sought death.

• • • To attract squirrels, Dr. Merriam of White Sulphur Springs, daily placed a soda cracker on a porch window sill abutting his study. After a certain squirrel had become accustomed to his regular cracker, Dr. Merriam decided, as an experiment, to offer him two.

The squirrel carefully selected one cracker, took it in his front paws, and

began nibbling it. He left the second cracker beside him on the window sill. While he was eating the first, a large robin swooped down and snatched the extra one. The squirrel scolded vehemently, but could do nothing.

The next day, Dr. Merriam again handed the squirrel two crackers. This time the squirrel carefully laid one on the window sill, and sat on it, while he nibbled the other.

• • • The sun of a warm summer day had made R. H. Gray of Hanover, New Hampshire, somewhat listless, and he decided to rest. He had been walking along the embankment of a river which runs through the suburbs of New Haven, Connecticut, accompanied by his dog, Patsy.

Leaning against a tree, he had just lit his pipe, when Patsy began barking furiously. She snatched at his clothes, whined, and even attempted to physically drag him away. Disturbed, he followed her.

He had taken only a few steps, when the tree against which he had been leaning suddenly gave way and fell forward into the water. To the *human* mind of Gray there had been no indication that the tree would fall.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address "Not of Our Species," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.



"It's not what you say, it's how you say it," says this expert who sugarcoats the bitterest pill and changes fear words to cheer words

Elmer's Magic War Words

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

ELMER WHEELER is an engaging, quick-witted extrovert who is destined for a secure niche in American folklore as a professional man of few words. His choice words, seldom worth less than \$500 each, have already affected some 25,000,000 men and women who remain blissfully unaware that it was Elmer's fine Texan hand which induced their utter lack of sales resistance in divers items ranging from cigarettes to automobiles.

It was Elmer who taught Walgreen's soda jerkers to lure malted milk customers with "One or two eggs today?" instead of the unprofitable "Wanna egg in it?" His phrase, "They won't roll," sold 30,000,000 square clothespins at a rather higher price than the traditional round rollers. It was his fertile mind that sprouted the simple query: "Have you tried the *scientific* toothpaste?" and boomed sales for Squibb's dentifrice. He dou-

bled sales of Barbasol with an equally effective: "How would you like to save six minutes shaving?" He tripled sales by simplifying it to: "How would you like to cut your shaving time in half?"

Yes, as America's foremost salesman — a salesman's salesman, you might call him—Elmer has done yeoman work in teaching the business world how to use the right word at the right time.

In a typical pre-war year Elmer grossed a cool \$50,000 as president of his Tested Selling Institute. Statler Hotels, Johns-Mansville Corporation, American Airlines, R. H. Macy, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Texaco Company and sundry other blue chips have helped feather Elmer's nest.

But this, as the saying goes, is War. Today Elmer, 38, chunky, cheerful and chock full of ideas, believes we

need new verbal "sizzlers" to meet the impact of war conditions—in personal relations and in business, as well as in the actual conduct of the war.

For the past year Elmer has been hitting the lecture circuit like mad, thinking nothing of doing two and even three lectures a day before huge audiences of business and sales men, telling them exactly how to meet wartime conditions. For example:

Don't talk war to customers. It depresses them and takes their minds off the things they wanted to buy.

Don't use the word "substitute."

"Nylon," says Elmer, "really isn't a substitute for silk. It's a new material and is superior to silk in many ways. The same is true of plastics. Always stress the newness and superiority of the item."

To prospects who say, "I'll wait until the war is over before buying," use this reply: "The war may last a long time and you may need this long before the war is over. You may not be able to get it then. If you can still purchase it, the price will no doubt be considerably more than it is now."

To customers who say, "It's unpatriotic to spend money in wartime," Elmer advises this answer: "Yes, it certainly is unpatriotic to spend money foolishly in wartime but it is not unpatriotic to spend money wisely." Never, never, warns Elmer, resort to ridicule, flippancy or wisecracking in a case like this. And above all avoid using that careless advance agent of inflation: "Better spend your money while it's still worth something."

The retailer who wants customers to carry packages and save his truck tires should have his clerks say: "You will get this day after tomorrow on the new delivery system, but it will make a small neat package to fit into your purse." Never say, "Lady, we got to be patriotic and carry packages. Now I'll just put a handle on this and it won't be too heavy for you." Instead the Wheeler-trained clerk will say: "I'll have this wrapped small with a handle, and you can have your dress for tonight." Elmer saved Stern's Department Store in New York some \$7,000 recently on carrying charges with similar sizzlers.

In the clothing store the young man is hesitant about the suit. "Well," he says, "I may be drafted." Is the Wheeler-trained salesman stumped at this? He is not. "Yes," he says, "you may be drafted. We're all subject to that. But if so you will have a *new* suit to wear when you return, and that's more than most fellows will have. You won't have to wait six months to buy one and you won't be looking around for a job in a uniform, as many men did after the last war."

BETWEEN lecture engagements, Elmer can usually be found on his Dallas, Texas, ranch. He calls it Sizzle Ranch ("the *smallest* ranch in Texas, where the East peters out"). And there's word magic all over the place. Visitors aren't served plain drinks; they get *drinkriegs*, including such fearful "sizzlers" as Warmed Over Death, Virgin's Dilemma, Devil's Walking Stick (lemon, tequila, sugar, touch of

grenadine and some berriatiaga). On the wall of your guest room you will find this information:

The Perfect Visitor

He wants to be invited back so he neither stays too long nor drinks too much; he doesn't discuss others not present, and above all lets others dominate conversation. He talks about things everybody present understands and wants to hear. He uses the word "you," seldom the word "I." He is a connoisseur of good jokes, whiskey and women. He can handle them all—with tact. The pleasure he receives from visiting is excelled only by the pleasure he brings his host. Don't make the host twice glad—glad he invited you and glad you're leaving!

For a long time now Elmer's been thinking of the role of words in the war. He thinks much of the Nazis' success can be traced to the fact that they out-worded us.

"Why, they scared us to death by their language," he will tell you. "They don't call a battle a battle—it's a *blitzkrieg*. Two submarines become a *wolfpack*. Hitler never says he'll beat England—he's always going to *destroy her*."

Looking homeward, Elmer thinks our Army propagandists have to go a long way before they get the idea of word magic. If they were adept at applied psychology, nothing called the American Expeditionary Force would have been allowed to leave this country. To Elmer the AEF sounds like a bunch of professors travelling somewhere to dig up ruins. He prefers something like *In invaders of Destruction*. Other revisions which are favored by Elmer:

Infantry. Sounds like kids. Should

be *Warriors or Bayonet Boys*.

Bomber pilot: *Finger Man?*

Cavalry. *Stallion Stukas* is better.

Rainbow Division. Sounds soft. How about *Rattlesnake Division*?

Flame-throwing tanks should be *Arson Squads*. Mop-up crews might be called *Buzzard Brigades*.

Nor does Elmer have any particular affection for such everyday words as morale and tax. He thinks *Lift*, *Spirit* or *Pick-up* would serve better than the first word and he favors *Life insurance* for tax.

THE SUGAR rationing business got Elmer's goat. Not because his tooth is any sweeter than yours or mine but because wrong, very wrong, words were used. Says the Dallas Sage:

"Brother Henderson comes out and announces: 'I've bad news for you. From now on you can have only eight ounces of sugar every week. We are in desperate need of sugar.'

"You were depressed. So was I," declares Elmer. "Many quietly raided the stores of sugar. But suppose Mr. Henderson had used cheer words instead of fear words and had said: 'I've good news for the American people. From now on they can have eight full ounces of sugar every week per person.'

"Why man, you'd run home to your wife and shout, 'Say, what are we going to do with eight ounces each of sugar every week?'"

Some grocers came to Elmer for advice on how to prevent hoarding, yet retain the good will of the customers. Elmer devised three sizzlers,

which have been used with notable success so far:

"The worms may eat from the bottom of the barrel up, Mrs. Jones, faster than your family can eat from the top down."

"This doesn't keep so well, Mrs. Smith, and the loss in waste may be more than what you will save by buying so much now."

"A penny saved is a penny earned, but a pound turned bad is a pound wasted."

"WORDS," Elmer is fond of saying, "help win battles as well as bayonets. Words can be used to demoralize people. Good propaganda makes the enemy uncomfortable, worried, disgusted with its own country."

Elmer thinks the United Nations are missing great opportunities to get at the Axis through stout-hearted men in occupied lands. He would like to see planes regularly drop certain types of leaflets in industrial sections of the overrun countries. These should be simple affairs, mostly pictures—which can be seen at a glance. Even as they would lay on the sidewalks, untouched, they'd be doing a potent selling job.

The pictures would show how to commit scientific sabotage—just what part of the machinery should be tampered with; how to make time bombs;

how to utilize makeshift materials such as ordinary sand. The photo leaflets should be very specific. They should tell the oppressed just what factory or what railroad junction in their community should be sabotaged to do the most good for the Allies.

With these photo sequences Elmer suggests accompanying lines such as:

"Just a pinch of sand but look what it could do for your country."

"How one person, You or Your Neighbor, can kill 1,000 Germans."

But the Allies must first glorify sabotage. Comparisons must be drawn to show that sabotage is nothing

other than "life insurance" and "self preservation." The idea is best put across in this line:

"You Kill Him—or He Will Kill You."

A query from a soldier recently set Elmer to thinking about some of the unusual problems of the men in the armed forces.

"What," this soldier asked, "are the magic words for getting a date from a gal in a strange land?"

This is not the sort of stuff that changes the course of wars, but it's mighty important to our young men overseas.

Elmer's principles in this matter are simple and effective:

"If she doesn't talk your language

—smile. Foreign people look at your eyes to try to understand your thinking. So sell with the eyes." Elmer admits that there are times when a simple gesture is far more effective than a number of magic words.

Other tested Wheelerpoints for the boys in khaki:

How do you handle the cigarette moocher? Next time he asks, ask him: "Mind letting me have a quarter, Joe?" This, of course is putting the conditioned reflex to work for you.

What do you say to the fellow soldier who owes you money and forgets to pay it back? Honest but forgetful. You say:

"Do I owe you any money, Jim?"

The best way to handle an officer whose rank you aren't certain of, says Elmer, is to give him the highest reasonable title. If you're not sure whether he's a lieutenant or a captain, say "Good evening, Captain." No one ever got into trouble by raising someone's rank verbally. But you're in for it if you de-rank him.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

PUBLIC OPINION by Smith	\$4.00
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York	
NEWSPAPER AND SOCIETY by Bird and Merwin	\$5.35
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York	
CONQUERING THE MAN IN THE STREET by Ellis Freeman	\$3.50
The Vanguard Press, New York	



Good Impression

A SOVIET OFFICIAL tells of a meeting two American millionaires who had been to Russia before the present war and who were most enthusiastic. They were particularly impressed by two Soviet gentlemen with whom they had played poker quite a bit and who also had taught them many lovely native songs. While the games were going on, the Russians used to sing dreamily. The Americans memorized the tunes, even the Russian words of these songs. They also lost about \$5,000 in the games.

The Soviet official politely asked the Americans to sing the songs. The Americans did, chant-

ing the Russian words. Then, smiling grimly, the official translated the folk songs of his country. They went something like this:

"I have two pair—Queens and Jacks."

"Well, I have three Aces. Let's keep on raising."

—LOWELL THOMAS IN *Pageant of Life* (WILFRED FUNK)

Credit is herewith extended to the following for photographs used in *World War II in Pictures*: Acme Newspictures, Inc.; British Combine Photos, Ltd.; European Picture Service; International News Photos; "The Invaders," a Columbia Picture release; Keystone View Co. of New York, Inc.; Capa, Schall and Eisenstaedt of Pix Publishing, Inc. from Publix; Sovfoto; "This Is Blitz," United Artists picture release; Three Lions; Wide World Photos, Inc.

Picture Story:

World War II in Pictures

by WILLIAM L. SHIRER



Someone has attributed our failure to improve on the title, *World War II*, to the fact that this war is not a new war at all. Furthermore, it has become increasingly clear that the Armistice of 1918 never had a chance of preserving lasting peace. The tragedy is that only a few saw it.

Woodrow Wilson was one of the few. His warning lest America "help to break the heart of mankind" was derided then—but today, if our story were to have a dedication, it would be to the memory of his foresight.

For today the fervent hope of all our world is that the heart of mankind has not already been broken by the grim happenings of the past 24 years.

The final chapter of mankind's present ordeal is still to be written. Our story is only a segment of it—told in pictures snipped from the reel of time as it has been unwinding during two decades. It is not a pretty story.

Thousands of other pictures, incidentally, would be included, but for the limits of space; those which were finally selected, represent some of the most dramatic and deeply significant news photographs ever taken.

But now—for a moment—let's turn back our calendars. Turn them back to a gray November day in 1918 . . .



Joy ruled the world, November 11, 1918, when the Armistice was announced. Peace at last appeared to be in sight. Soldiers everywhere—like these tired but happy American doughboys—thought that their fighting days were over forever.



By the next spring, the winners of the War—England's Lloyd George, Italy's Sonnino, France's Clemenceau, and our own Wilson—had met at Versailles to talk a lasting peace.



Meanwhile, victorious Allied troops occupied the Rhineland, keeping constant vigil lest the smoldering embers again burst into flames.



By the time the last troops left the Rhineland, the house of peace had been built. They called it the League of Nations and it was supposed to keep the world out of war, and war out of the world.



But even as early as 1922, jagged cracks appeared in the League's wall of security. In that year, a pompous man with a big jaw marched into Rome. His name was Mussolini.



Farther north in Munich, another man—named Hitler—was shaking his fist from soap boxes and stirring up trouble in the streets. They finally threw him in jail, though, and forgot about him while he wrote a book.



In those days, you see, Germany's big men were not beerhall brawlers, but statesmen, like Stresemann, shown here (bald figure center) at Locarno, after signing for Germany one of the numerous peace pacts of the '20's.



One such pact was the Kellogg-Briand-Lauingen-Sar, which even the Japanese signed. They say, though, that as Count Uchida signed, a fellow Japanese delegate was heard to laugh loudly in the corridor—nimbly fanning note at so historic a moment.



Some recalled this story a few years later, as Japanese soldiers ran wild in Manchuria. But statesmen just clucked their tongues and shook their heads. Manchuria became Manchukuo—and the League of Nations became a mere League of Notions.



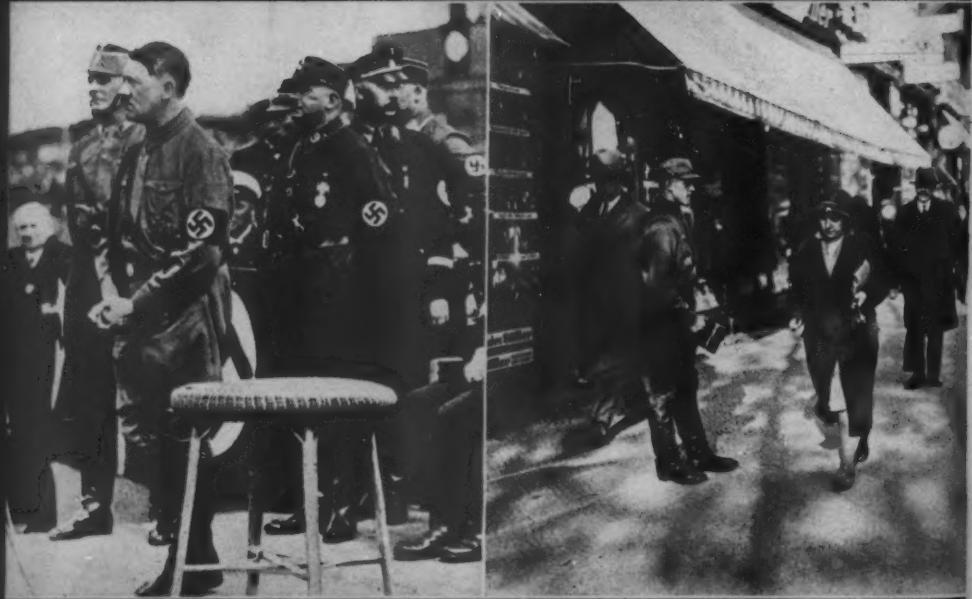
That was how things stood in '32, when Adolf Hitler and 13,400,000 other Germans voted for Adolf Hitler. At this stage, the New Order was only for home. Hitler used—or misused—democratic methods to get Germany into his power. They worked, too.



For this next year found him shaking hands with the proud Hindenburg—who had could never to meet Hitler. By this time a lot of opportunists had climbed on the bandwagon—a cruel fat man, a squat little man—among many others.

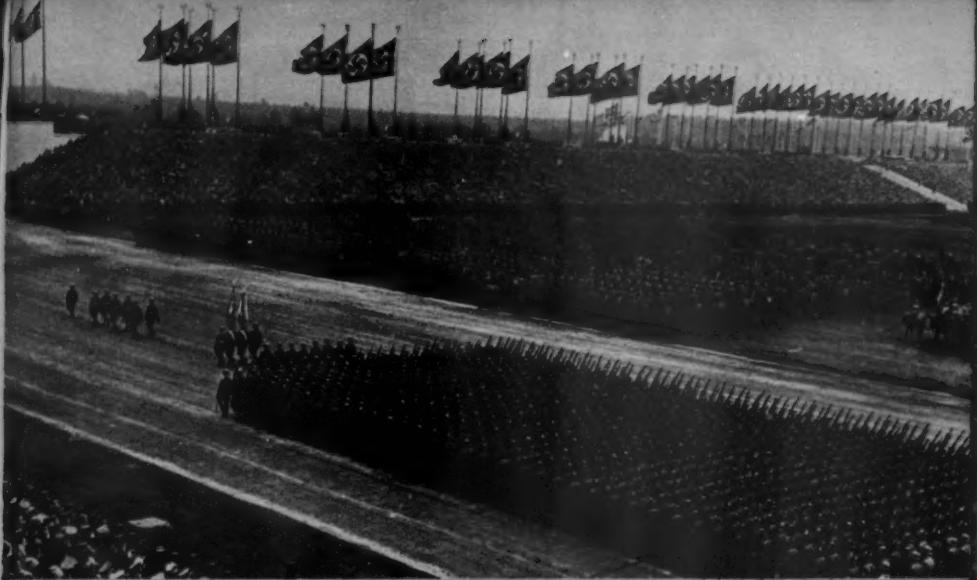


And just a year later, Hindenbarg surrendered gracefully to Hitler—and to old age. The Party gave him a funeral reminiscent of Chicago's gangland days.



And so Germany was turned over to storm troopers. Now Hitler could again shout from soap-boxes—without fear of jail.

And the mores began to be raised for "guns instead of butter."



Until suddenly—out of nowhere—Germany's shadow army burst out in full regalia. Here was no hastily gathered mob of amateur men, but crack units, long trained and drilled in deep secrecy.



Yet still, though the Nazis bawled aloud (though the sour little men sat grinning in their very midst), the polite gentlemen at Geneva did nothing.



Once poor Haile Selassie implored the League

But Mussolini just ignored it.
Ethiopia was gobbled up in '35.



Here, there, was Hitler's cue. Cautiously in '36, he edged a chip out on his shoulder by ordering his troops into the Rhineland. They were supposed to retreat, of course, if anyone objected. But, of course, no one did.



So the same summer, Hitler dealt himself a hand in Spain—crying "non-intervention" all the while.

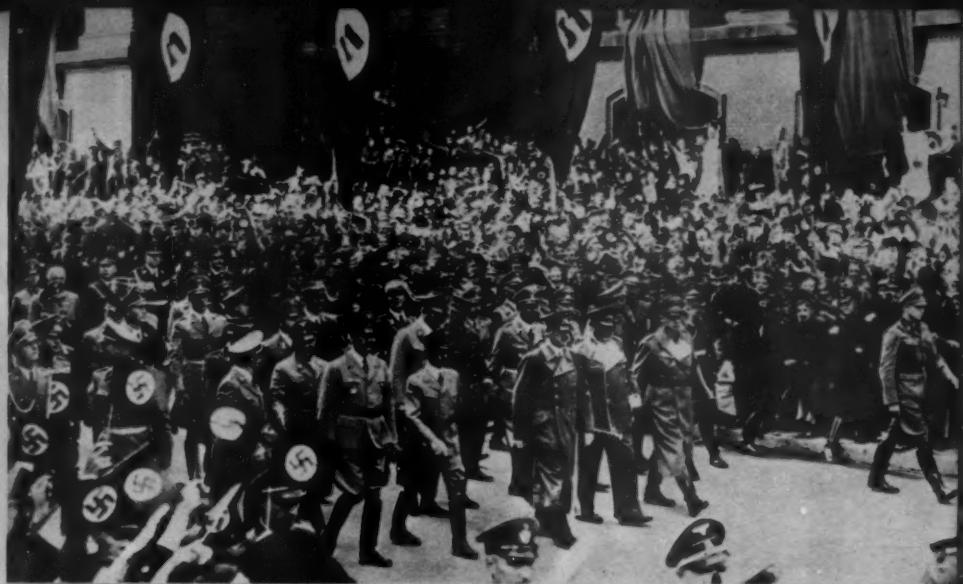
And in 1937 the Japs created another little "incident" in China.



So far there had been no territorial "grabbing." Except Ethiopia and the Rhineland if you counted them. But in 1938, Hitler actually annexed Austria, fulfilling page one of that book he'd written in jail. Next he turned to Czechoslovakia.



*But the man with the gun assured the man with the umbrella
he wanted only a very small slice of Czechoslovakia—and nothing
more.*



Of course the German people rejoiced. So far the conquests had all been bloodless. And the men of Geneva sighed their great relief, and went back to work on a new building for their League.



They were just getting settled in it the next spring, when Hitler, who hadn't wanted any Czechs in his pure-blooded Reich, gobbled up a whole nation of them.



Now Hitler and Mussolini, who so obviously had much in common, began exchanging visits. Never had the world seen such pomp. They say exact distances between official cars were paced off so that neither man would take an extra step.



The great anticlimax was reached in the spring of 1939 at Berlin. In what was the merest of formalities, an already working military alliance was born—on paper.



No longer afraid of the democracies, Hitler was nevertheless still worried about the big bad Russian bear, Stalin. So ex-champagne salesman Ribbentrop went to Moscow and sold Stalin a bill of goods. Now the war could really start.



And start it did! Through rivers of blood, the Germans quickly overran Poland.



The Poles were brave—but bravery was not enough. Headlines were tragic in those days. A cheery little item about the League's shiny new building having finally been completed didn't even make some papers.



We read, instead, of how the Gestapo ferreted out and rounded up all Polish enemies of the Reich



How the "persecuted" Germans in Poland put the finger on their Polish neighbors for quick execution—



*How Polish Jews were marched off like cattle for slaughter—
even made to dig their own graves first.*



And all the while, on their unimpregnable Maginot Line, the



For Norway fell to the Nazis, in April of 1940. At last the bare face of German ambition was seen leering out from behind its mask of "phony" war—



And a man named Quisling (on the left) lent his name to our



And before anyone could collect his wits, the luftwaffe struck again—darkening the low countries.



Allied troops, once victorious in this same locale, learned to their bitter surprise that they had no answer to the merciless swoops of dive bombers.



Everything went wrong for them: bridges that were supposed to have been blown up, weren't—



—but countless civilians were!



Everywhere, refugees choked all roads leading to France and safety—or so they thought. But every step of the way, Nazi flyers dogged their footsteps, strafed them with machine guns, made them scurry into ditches—killed them.



And as the Nazis continued to sweep the channel ports and low countries, only the British Tommies at Dunkirk managed to write a bright page into this dark chapter of the war's history.



England was staggering. France, betrayed from within, lay prostrate. And Marshal Pétain asked Hitler, "as one soldier to another, for an honorable peace."



Instead, France got hunger and shame—the price of bargaining with the Nazis.



Hitler was already bragging of bringing Britain, too, to her knees. The London air-blitz was to smash and destroy her; Hitler himself would be in London by fall. The blitz did bring down many of London's buildings—but it only stiffened her spirit.



In the fall of '40, Hitler was still overdue in London. Instead, that fall marked the first conscription of American men—for "a year's military training." England perceptibly took heart and continued to hang on doggedly.



And while the RAF held off the Nazis—while on a new front, the Greeks fought back the stabs of Mussolini's legions—we finally put meaning and substance into the policy of "aid to the Allies" with Lend-Lease. It was March, 1941.



Now the battle of production had begun! Trucks from New York—



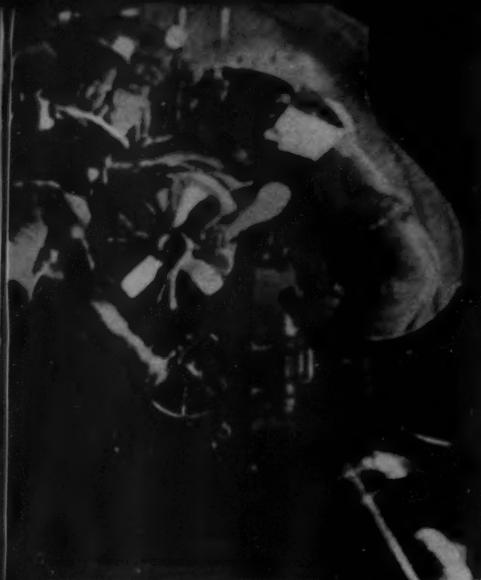
and bombers from California—



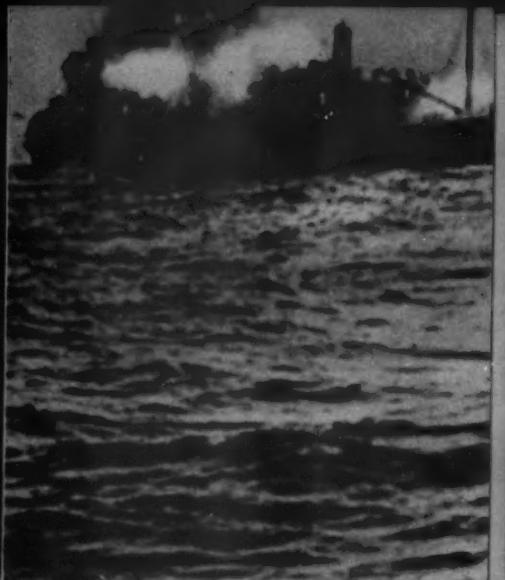
These were tangible weapons of Lend-Lease. One immediate effect was enabling the British finally to take the offensive in the tractless desert sands of Libya—



where perspiring, war-weary Italians were taken prisoners by the thousands.



But it was, after all, just a beginning. Ahead, trouble was waiting—in the shape of torpedoes—



*aimed at Lend-Lease freighters,
and in the shape of disaster—*



in Crete, where Nazi paratroops had driven the British out of their last European foothold—



and, masters of the continent, were pausing to draw a much-needed breath.



Meanwhile, the polite little men from behind the rising sun had again been patiently waiting their turn—bussing "yes, thank you" and "so sorry" through shiny teeth. Now a deal was made, from the bottom of the deck, of course.



But first, the Germans were supposed to dispose of Russia and Comrade Stalin. So once again the Nazi hordes struck—but bounced!



Churchill and Roosevelt took the limelight next. Meeting "somewhere on the Atlantic," they tried to clarify the major issues that divided the world at war.



So really the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor was not at all surprising. That was the weekend Moscow was scheduled to fall—obviously Japan's cue to strike. The only surprise was that Moscow, somehow, didn't fall.



And so "the long known and long expected has thus taken place." At last we were at war, openly and officially, with Germany and Italy, as well as with Japan. Americans left their radios that night with a grim promise in their hearts.



The Japs were expected to win the opening rounds, and they did. But Singapore's fall was surprisingly quick. The United Nations were faced with an uphill war in the Pacific. So we hiked in our belts a notch.



Not till February did our Navy hit back, with the attacks on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, first of all.



Nor did our Army remain idle. From Iceland first, later from Ireland, from Australia, came reports of new, scattered U.F.'s.



But as the summer began, it fell to the Russians to hold the Nazis in check—at least until our own full war effort could pull its weight. And they showed every confidence of being equal to the job, too.



And meanwhile, the long "invincible" Germans—who have for so long sung "tomorrow the world is ours"—are beginning to look into the future with tired, puzzled eyes. For now they are beginning to wonder whether "tomorrow" ever comes!

BULL SESSION

THE TOPKICK

NURSES ON THE POST

SIDELIGHTS ON SOLDIERING

*as sketched at Camp Wollers, Texas
by Corporal Robert Greenhalgh*

ON THE FIRING LINE

TARGET OPERATOR

BULL SESSION

PICK



SIDELIGHTS ON SOLDIERING

*as sketched at Camp Wollers, Texas
by Corporal Robert Greenhalgh*

TARGET OPERATOR



ARMY SKETCHES



EDITOR'S NOTE: Before his induction into the Army in September, '41, Corporal Robert Greenhalgh was known to Coronet readers for his fine artwork. This assignment—to sketch his impressions of life in the Army—was actually given him at that time. Portions of the letter he wrote us from Camp Wolters follow:

Here are the sketches as promised, both water colors and pencil drawings. NURSES ON THE POST: These three men WERE making a "position sketch" . . . until the nurses came by. Army boys, incidentally, use great decorum on seeing gals about the post. Discreet comment to another "yardbird," yes . . . whistles or yoo-hoos, never. THE TOP-KICK: He's a first sergeant, and has been around plenty . . . can tell a "gold-brick" (loafer) from a genuine hospital case in the bat of an eye. ON THE RANGE: The coach is bellowing to one of the soldiers: "Keep your elbow under that rifle . . . now then, squeeze it off!" BULL SESSION: You could call this one "Alibi Hour." The private is telling how just as he squeezed the trigger the target moved. One of the others suggests counting the three bulls he got on target 85, even though he was shooting at target 90. As it is, the poor boy has "bolo'd" (failed to qualify). TARGET OPERATOR: This soldier is below a target, in the

ON THE READY LINE

ARMY SKETCHES



ON THE READY LINE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Before his induction into the Army in September, '41, Corporal Robert Greenhalgh was known to Coronet readers for his fine artwork. This assignment—to sketch his impressions of life in the Army—was actually given him at that time. Portions of the letter he wrote us from Camp Wolters follow:

Here are the sketches as promised, both water colors and pencil drawings. **NURSES ON THE POST:** These three men **WERE** making a "position sketch" . . . until the nurses came by. Army boys, incidentally, use great decorum on seeing gals about the post. Discreet comment to another "yardbird," yes . . . whistles or yoo-hoos, never. **THE TOP-KICK:** He's a first sergeant, and has been around plenty . . . can tell a "gold-brick" (loafer) from a genuine hospital case in the bat of an eye. **ON THE RANGE:** The coach is bellowing to one of the soldiers: "Keep your elbow under that rifle . . . now then, squeeze it off!" **BULL SESSION:** You could call this one "Alibi Hour." The private is telling how just as he squeezed the trigger the target moved. One of the others suggests counting the three bulls he got on target 85, even though he was shooting at target 90. As it is, the poor boy has "boled'd" (failed to qualify). **TARGET OPERATOR:** This soldier is below a target, in the

pits. We gleefully call the red flag "Maggie's Drawers" . . . it's waved whenever we miss the whole target. **ON THE READY LINE:** This infantry rifleman is waiting to go up to the firing line. Like most of the men, he is a good shot. **BUGLER OF THE GUARD:** Here's the guy who gets us all up in the morning. I actually sketched him just before reveille. **LETTER FROM HOME:** The biggest morale booster the Army has . . . except a five-dollar bill on a week-end. I've seen this scene a thousand times. Sometimes on Saturday nights I've come into the Squad Room and seen just one man . . . reading or writing a letter. You say, "Hi, Slim" . . . "Soldier" . . . When you get in the Army you are impressed with the size of the men. You get a feeling as you look around that if you have to stack this Army, man for man, against any in the world, we'd mop them up like water!

LETTER FROM HOME



BEFORE
REVEILLE



The cry "Unclean!" no longer dogs a leper's footsteps—a revolution of treatment and care has taken place since the Middle Ages

Plain Talk about Leprosy

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

THREE ARE 10,000,000 lepers today; the greatest number in history, according to the best authorities, and the number of victims of the seemingly insurmountable disease is steadily increasing.

In fact, one out of every 185 inhabitants of earth is a sufferer.

The war, if prolonged, will definitely be a stimulus for the spread of leprosy. For the first time, the white race, which has gone far toward exterminating leprosy in its midst, will be thrown in close contact with the peoples who suffer the most from it under circumstances in which leprosy flourishes.

But here, as in all such cases, cold facts about one of the world's oldest and most dreaded diseases may strip it of some of its horror, may lift the fog that has surrounded it from time immemorial and point the way to intelligent protection against it.

The Disease Itself

THE MOST fiendish cruelty has been practiced throughout history toward victims of leprosy. Even today some sufferers in America are totally ostracised by families who refuse even to write to them and who consider them dead.

Yet leprosy is actually "just another" disease; the germ producing it has long been known. In its early stages it can be cured; in its advanced stages it can be isolated. Apparently it can always be prevented by ordinary good health measures.

Leprosy is not easily communicable; the ancient idea that to touch a leper is to contract the disease is wrong. It spreads only through direct and prolonged contact in an "open" stage of the disease; the bacillus apparently is introduced into the body only through cuts, abrasions or other open wounds—or possibly through

the membrane lining the nose. Usually the contact must be under disease-breeding circumstances of insanitation, low resistance, malnutrition or low standards of living.

It is almost impossible for a person in good health to get leprosy. Doctors and teachers now live in leper colonies, constantly in touch with far advanced victims, and never become infected. Numerous efforts to inoculate healthy persons and animals with leprous germs have so far failed—except, possibly, in the case of monkeys and rodents.

There are two types of leprosy. One is neural, which attacks the nerves of the arms, neck and legs, eventually causing such deformities as claw hands, and absorption or shortening of the fingers and toes through death to the bones. The nerve fibers are gradually killed, with pain at first and then loss of all feeling. Bone and flesh wither away when there is no nerve to vitalize them.

The other is the nodula type, which attacks the skin all over the body, the eyes, throat and nerve endings, causing the body to become a mass of sores or ulcers, and producing paralysis of the throat and eye muscles, often involving blindness.

Many victims live 30 to 50 years after contracting the disease and die at a ripe old age from other causes. In many persons leprosy germs, like tuberculosis germs, may be present for a lifetime and yet be inactive because the individual maintains a high resistance. The disease does *not* affect the brain.

Relation to Climate

THE NOTION still exists that leprosy is a tropical disease only, that it affects old people only, and not the young. Both concepts are false.

In the Middle Ages, leprosy swept through Europe and was extirpated only by the most ruthless segregation. At one time there were 20,000 places of asylum for lepers in that continent. As late as the 1870's leprosy caused alarm in Norway. It is still transmissible in the cool climates of North China, Korea, Iran and the United States. (There are 1,200 cases in this country, in 38 states; however, if the world average prevailed, there would be 650,000 cases.)

It is true that the greatest numbers of lepers are in India, Burma, China, Japan and parts of Africa and South America—Colombia, with 30,000 sufferers, is worst in the latter—but the relation to climate remains unsolved. What appears to be climatic influence may be only bad hygiene and pitifully low standards of living. People in colder climates are generally more rugged and have greater resistance.

As to leprosy's being an old-age disease, that is disproved by the fact that people of all ages are residents of leper colonies. Indeed, some authorities believe that leprosy is nearly always contracted in childhood. Then it may incubate in the body anywhere from two to 20 years. It is now increasingly discovered in children as the children of infected communities come more and more under medical observation. The disease is not inherited, but susceptibility may be.

Conquering Leprosy

LEPROSY is definitely curable in its early stages, especially among the young. Three hundred have been cured at the Carville Leprosarium in Louisiana and returned to their homes.

In the 200 major leper colonies throughout the world, maintained by governments, churches and leprosy relief agencies, basic treatment begins with proper food, exercise and cleanliness. Other diseases are cleared up as much as possible, and surgical dressings placed on any local eruptions present. The celebrated chaulmoogra oil (or its derivatives) then is injected under the skin or into the veins or muscles. This oil is extracted from the seeds of a fruit, similar in size and shape to grapefruit, that grows in tropical countries. There are other forms of treatment—through dyes, serum, fever therapy and diphtheria toxoid; all have merit, but the main standby is chaulmoogra oil.

The first real start along the slow road to conquering leprosy was made in 1874 by the Norwegian scientist, Hansen, who first isolated and identified the germ, *Myobacterium Leprae*. That same year, the British Mission to Lepers was founded by a missionary to India, and in 1911 the American Mission to Lepers was organized as an auxiliary committee.

Now the two organizations, in close co-operation, have 200 leper colonies in 48 countries of the world and are caring for as many as 150,000 lepers. Governments of a few countries or provinces also have laid down programs for finding, segregating and

treating all victims of the disease.

Lepers living in colonies are reasonably contented, and are very religious people. Knowing nothing but ostracism and despair outside, they find hope and friendship, as well as aid, in a "village." They maintain their own schools, churches and business concerns. About half of them are usually able to do farming, housework or other labor. A number of colonies have full self-government.

Leprosy in the U. S.

The United States, least leper-infected nation, is the most leper-conscious, in that it does more than any other country, except England, to aid the victims. Last year 38,000 Americans gave more than \$300,000 to organizations aiding lepers (\$10 provides medical care for a leper for two years).

In 1894, just 20 years after the discovery of the leprosy germ, the Carville Leprosarium was founded in an old slave cabin in Louisiana; it was taken over by the federal government in 1912 and now, as the United States Marine Hospital, has facilities unparalleled in the world.

The world's largest leper colony, at Culion in the Philippines, maintained for years by the United States, was captured by the Japanese early in the war. When its 6,000 patients were threatened with starvation, General MacArthur's men slipped a boat-load of rice to them in spite of the Japanese blockade.

Science has made a vast contribution to the study and cure of leprosy,

thanks to individual pioneers and to institutions. Topnotchers in this field are the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association and the American Leper Foundation. The latter is fittingly a memorial to the late General Leonard Wood, who as commissioner to the Philippines became interested in the thousands of victims of the disease and who urged an adequate program of care and cure. Its president, Perry Burgess of Cleveland, wrote that beautiful story *Who Walk Alone*, * which won worldwide attention.

See Coronet, May '47, page 141.

Leprosy is not conquered, but victory is on the way. Today one reads of humane treatment and frequent recovery. In the middle ages, each new victim of leprosy was conducted at midnight by hooded monks to the edge of a newly-dug grave where he was duly pronounced dead, his wife declared a widow and his children fatherless; he was then given a leper garment, a rattle, ordered to cry "Unclean!" and to take his food in a basket at the end of a 10-foot pole.

Clearly, a revolution has taken place.



Benchley vs. the Higher Learning

Things I learned freshman year:

1. By placing one paper bag inside another paper bag you can carry home a milk shake in it.
2. There is a double "I" in the middle of "parallel."
3. Powder rubbed on the chin will take the place of a shave if the room isn't very light.
4. Most all you need to know about a subject is in the encyclopedia.
5. The chances are against filling an inside straight.

Sophomore year:

1. In Spanish you pronounce z like th.
2. Nine-tenths of the girls in a girls' college are not pretty.
3. You can sleep undetected in a lecture

course by resting the head on the hand as if shading the eyes.

4. Weakness in drawing technique can be hidden by using a wash instead of black and white line.

Junior year:

1. Eight hours of sleep are not necessary.
2. The chances are that you will never fill an inside straight.
3. The Republicans believe in a centralized government, the Democrats in a de-centralized one.

Senior year:

1. A dinner coat looks better than full dress.
2. Six hours sleep are not necessary.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY IN *Inside Benchley*
(HARPER & BROS.)



Good speakers are trained, not born. You too can have the golden tones of your favorite radio announcer by following a few simple rules

New Voices for Old

by DORON K. ANTRIM

A UNITED STATES senator recently faced the opportunity to put over an important issue in Congress, but feared that the rasp in his voice would ruin his chances. Two weeks of intensive voice training removed the rasp and assured success.

All that stood in the way of an otherwise capable ex-prizefighter and a well-paid executive job were some "dese" and "dose" in his lingo. His speech corrected, he got the job.

A beautiful blonde waited table for two years in Hollywood and wondered why she didn't even have a look-in at the studios until she discovered it was her southern drawl.

Today more individuals than ever before are taking speech courses, shedding sectional and foreign accents. Radio, movies and the war have wakened them to the importance of the speaking voice.

Your voice is 80 per cent of your

entire personality, says Alfred Dixon, Manhattan speech counselor who has helped more than 4,000 people to better opportunities through improved speech. It can be a definite handicap, or it can spell success—and you can't trick it up with lipstick, rouge or false hair. The minute you open your mouth to speak, you broadcast to the discerning your nationality, character, state of mind, state of health and breeding.

Good voices are not a gift. They are invariably the result of training, and can be acquired in two weeks of intensive work. In any event, any normal person can have a wonderfully improved voice if he gives it daily attention. The secret lies in knowing what makes a good voice and doing some simple exercises to develop it.

What does make a good voice? Simply this: a fine balance between

tone and *articulation*. In other words, a perfect speaking voice has musical qualities (*tone*), and can be understood the first time (*articulation*), especially over the phone. The Negro, for instance, has good tone, but falls down on articulation. The traditional New England school teacher may have precise articulation, but a thin and pinched tone.

Experts are agreed that President Roosevelt has one of the best speaking voices on the air. As in most instances, his singing voice helps his speaking voice—the president, on occasion, unleashes a mean tenor. He avoids monotony by varying his range, although this is kept within the compass of an ordinary American baritone. He does not pull his high organ stops, or the emotional tremolo as does Hitler. Nor does he leap from a whisper to a roar like Mussolini. He talks easily and naturally, without strain, emphasizing the important words, timing his pauses well. Nor does he run out of breath when he comes to a period, a pitfall of some less successful political speakers.

CONSIDER for example, your own voice—let's test it first for tone. Put one hand on your chest, the other on your head, and talk. Both head and chest should vibrate. If just one vibrates, you are not making use of your entire sounding board.

Your sound apparatus produces tone just as does a musical instrument. Your vocal chords initiate the tone which must be amplified by vibrating the chest and head, nose and

Can You Pass This Test?

Here's a test often given candidates as radio announcers. If you can read this paragraph in 15 seconds without mistakes, you're good.

"I bought a batch of baking powder and baked a batch of biscuits. I brought a big basket of biscuits back to the bakery and baked a basket of big biscuits. Then I took the big basket of biscuits and the basket of big biscuits and mixed the big biscuits with the basket of biscuits that was next to the big basket and put a bunch of biscuits from the baskets into the box. Then I took the box of mixed biscuits and a biscuit mixer and biscuit basket and brought the basket of biscuits and the box of mixed biscuits and the biscuit mixer to the bakery and opened up a can of sardines."

sinuses, even the bones. Your sounding board should include as many vibrating areas as possible for a full bodied tone. Your nose should remain open and vibrating. Hold your nose and say: "Spring has come." The result is: "Sprig has cub." Many sounds are completely stopped unless the nose is clear and vibrates with the tone.

To be sure of making use of your entire sounding board, say, "Ah—ee" until you can feel both head and chest vibrate. You have now taken the first step toward building a voice people love to hear.

The sounds producing tone in our language are the vowels. Consonant sounds are also important, since they usually require nimble tongue and

lips cooperating with the teeth. The secret of obtaining full value from these sounds is easily learned. (See chart on page 98.)

How is your articulation? Do people understand you readily? Perfect articulation is a matter of tongue, teeth, jaws and lips coordinating with acrobatic agility. The famed Caruso had such a nimble tongue he could tie it in knots, make it crawl like a snake, stand on end and loop the loop.

If your articulation is not as distinct as it should be, follow these lip, tongue and jaw exercises to learn flexibility. They are recommended by the New York Telephone Company and a number of voice teachers.

To exercise the lips:

(1) Extend them forward in open circular form, then let them relax and return to normal. Repeat several times.

(2) Starting with lips closed, puff them apart with the breath, as for the sound of "p" in "part," and repeat this rapidly.

(3) Repeat Exercise 2, adding the five commonest vowel sounds, as *pa* (*ah*)-*pe*-*pi*-*po*-*pu*.

(4) Repeat again, substituting the "b" sound, as: *ba-be-bi-bo-bu*.

To exercise the tongue:

(1) With mouth well open, curve tip of tongue upward to touch gums just back of front teeth, and return to normal. Repeat several times, gradually speeding up.

(2) Repeat, sounding "lah" each time tongue is lowered.

(3) Again repeat, successively using

the sounds: "tah," "nah," and "dah."

To exercise the jaw:

(1) Drop the jaw, the muscles relaxed, far enough to permit inserting the thumb sideways between the teeth. Return to closed position and repeat several times.

(2) Repeat, sounding the syllable, "mah" each time the jaw is dropped.

(3) Repeat, using the sounds "maw" and "moh." Avoid any forcing down or stiffening of the jaw. It should drop loosely.

If this seems infantile to you, remember it is routine for all who are trying to improve their voice. Starting with a poor, husky voice, John Barrymore worked at such exercises daily and finally achieved one of the finest voices on the American stage and screen.

Make this trial and see what happens—determine to concentrate on your voice for two weeks. Keep in mind your ultimate aim; a nice balance between tone and articulation. In daily conversation, give each word its full value. See that such phrases as "goin'" for "going," or "J'eat?" for "Did you eat?" don't creep in.

THE GREAT "Ah-m" exercise is done by Lawrence Tibbett every day and almost all voice teachers insist on it. Open your mouth wide, draw in a deep breath and start to yawn. This opens the throat and relaxes the tongue and other parts. Instead of finishing the yawn, sing out a full, round, "Ah." Let yourself go. Prolong it for a few seconds, then close the mouth and let the breath con-

Vowel Chart

Standing before a mirror, say the following vowels, watching the position of lips, teeth and tongue. In the first really open up as you do when the doctor is looking down your throat.

Vowels	Sounded	As in	Approximate position of mouth
A	ah	father	open
A	ay	ate	half open
A	aw	call	open, lips slightly rounded
A	a	hat	half open
E	ee	he	almost closed
E	e	met	slightly open
I	eye	kite	open, then closing
I	i	it	slightly open
O	o	hot	open
O	oh	old	open, lips round
U	oo	flute	almost closed, lips slightly rounded
U	uh	hut	half open
OI	aw- <u>I</u>	oil	open, then closing
OU	ah- <u>oo</u>	south	open, then closing

Consonant Chart

Consonants should be spoken strongly and distinctly. Here's the way they should be formed.

Breath Consonants	Voice Consonants	Nasal Consonants	Formed by
F	V		lower lip against upper teeth
P	B	M	lips
	W		lips
	WH (as in when)		lips
T	D	N	tip of tongue against upper gums
	L		tip of tongue against upper gums
TH (as in three)	TH (as in then)		tip of tongue against upper gums
S (and soft C)	Z (as in maze)		tip of tongue almost touching upper gums
SH	Z (as in azure)		front of tongue almost touching upper gums
	Y (as in yet)		middle of tongue raised close to hard palate
CH	J (and soft G)		tip and front of tongue against upper gums
	R (as in run)		sides of tongue against back teeth
K (and hard C and Q)	G (hard)	NG	back of tongue against soft palate
X (as in ax)	X (as in exact)		same as K followed by S, or G followed by Z

tinue through the nose, making the "m" sound. Imagine you're striking a bell with the tone resounding through your head. Get as much resonance and color into the voice as possible. Do this every day and frequently during the day. Then try and convey the same quality into your speaking voice.

Next, begin to yawn as before, mouth wide open, all parts relaxed. Instead of completing the yawn, say, "hello," as though greeting a close friend you haven't seen in ten years. Don't clip it off but draw it out into two tones "Hel—lo," getting all the life and warmth you can into it.

Hello is a million dollar word. On the telephone, it's one of the first impressions the other party gets of you. Is it a good impression? If you can put a smile into this one word, you're boosting your stock.

HERE's a paragraph from *Pirate's Treasure* used in schools and colleges because it contains all the vowels, consonants and diphthongs in the English language. Read this aloud slowly several times, vibrating chest and head, giving each word its full value.

"The lodge keeper had found an old chart written in a peculiar cipher. He was able to make it out, however, and learned from it, that a choice and rare old treasure chest was buried four or five feet under the ground, on the very spot where the new school house stood. He was sure he could find it, if he obeyed directions, and after several trials, at last he did unearth it. But as he was lifting it out, the box fell all to

pieces and its various contents tumbled back into the pit."

Next, read this paragraph with the idea of extending your range. Take the first sentence rather high, not too high for comfort, but keep the whole sentence at the same pitch. Say it over with the tone you use in exclaiming, "Gee, I feel great today." Repeat the next line a shade lower in pitch. On the third line you'll be striking your devotional tone, as when you say the Lord's Prayer. The fourth line is still lower, a tone you strike when you say, "I feel miserable today." Make this paragraph one of your daily chores.

In extending your range, you will be eliminating monotony and getting feeling into your voice, a technique worth developing. Sarah Bernhardt could make an audience weep by just reciting the alphabet.

While engaged in this training you'll probably be listening to your favorite voices over the air and analyzing their good points. It's not advisable to slavishly imitate another, however. The aim of voice culture is to enable you to let your own personality shine through, to project it to best advantage through the spoken word. You can make your voice a medium for influencing people, if you give it as much attention as your face or figure.

— *Suggestions for further reading:*

THE VOICE, HOW TO USE IT

S. T. Barrows and A. E. Pierce \$2.50
The Expression Company, New York

PUBLIC SPEAKING AS LISTENERS LIKE IT
R. C. Borden \$1.50
Harper & Brothers, New York



A report from a strictly neutral observer on who is doing what in the realm of the very lively arts

Coronets:

* * * To McClelland Barclay for his naval recruiting posters. Proving that, corn or no corn, "Mac" is a fine draughtsman . . .

To Laurence Olivier's performance in *The Invaders*. Heathcliffe goes Canuck . . . to Eric Portmann's performance in *The Invaders* . . . and to *The Invaders*: the best, by far, so far, of the war movies of World War II.

Thorns:

* * * To Thomas Benton, for his paintings on the war for Abbott Laboratories. Bad torn-belly-blood-in-the-mud war posters. Bad propaganda, bad art.

To Jerome Weidman for *I'll Never Go There Any More*. The adventures of a certified public accountant and a dim-wit aren't worthy of Weidman, who should leave Hemingway alone and go back to *gefüllte* fiction.

The Art of Thinking:

* * * Winston Churchill can recite all of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* by heart . . . Charlie Chaplin nervously twirls a stop-watch on a chain when he's watching himself on the screen in a projection room. The chain usually breaks; the watch bounces against the wall. When he was recording *The Gold Rush*, Chaplin broke six gold stop-watches.

George Kaufman, Broadway playwright Number One, has his own way of concentrating while he's collaborating on a play. He stoops over, picks lint out of the rug.

Hollywood in a Hurry:

* * * The season's masterpiece of miscasting: Ann Sheridan for the role of Clio in Edna Ferber's *Saratoga Trunk*. A natural for Hedy Lamarr . . . The great Goldwyn-engendered fuss over the selection of the right

actor to play the role of Lou Gehrig in *The Pride of the Yankees* was so much fluff. Gary Cooper was in the bag from the beginning . . . A Hollywood confectioner advertises: "Buy my candy, you dope!"

Quote—Unquote:

Q GERTRUDE STEIN: "In the United States there is more space where nobody is than where anybody is. That is what makes America what it is."

Q WILL ROGERS: "Everybody's ignorant, only on different subjects."

Q A PRIVATE AT CAMP DIX, after a 20-mile hike: "If it wasn't for the 21 bucks a month, I'd quit."

Q KEITH PRESTON: "There is no rhyme for 'Tabloid.' There is even less reason for it."

Q THE DUKE OF PADUGAH (NBC radio comedian): "The bride looked stunning, the groom looked stunned."

Whole Cloth:

• • • Not the first nor the last of the war-time fables is this tale spreading like wild-fire over the western states:

A woman apologetically dismissed her Jap gardener.

"Is okay," said the Jap. "Next year you mow my lawn."

File and Forget:

• • • The theater is supposed to be the great "escape" medium for war-time jitters. So this is the worst

season Broadway has had in many years . . . When the stolen Mona Lisa was returned to the Louvre some years ago, one of the apprehended crooks loudly swore that the recovered painting was a fake, that the original was somewhere in America. Ever since, the Louvre authorities have refused to give their Mona Lisa a thorough going-over.

Through Japan with Gun and Camera:

• • • "Yoshiwara" is Tokyo's brothel district. To the merchant princes of the Yoshiwara, the Jap farmer sells his daughters . . . for about \$150 in American money.

But the experienced Yoshiwara brothelers usually wait for earthquakes before they go into the farm market to buy . . . They know that after the Jap farmer has lost his home, his cattle, his farm, he will sell his kith and kin for less than the usual \$150.

Music, Maestro, Please:

• • • The music used as background material for the March of Time's radio program on the Blue Network is a throw-back to the ten, twent', thirt' days of the movies. When the producers want to depict a very, very bad actor, they call for "Mean Jap" music; for a thrilling detective theme, they ask for "FBI" music . . . another self-descriptive motif is "Sad Indian."

"Hands across the sea" are stretching round the world in friendship these days of bitter battle; how can men cooperate in the midst of fighting?



World Fellowship Marches On!

by KEITH AYLING

ALL OVER the world international fellowship is growing quicker than a conjurer's mango tree.

This means easy riding for some and headaches for others—a big headache for the Axis and a minor headache for people like Alice Smith, 12-year-old English public school pupil. Her father got peeved when she asked him the question her teacher had given her as homework: "What effect has George Washington's career on the world today?" Alice's is the first generation of English school children to study American history as it is taught here.

The war has done a lot of other things besides putting an American history among Alice Smith's school books. Even before Pearl Harbor the big onrush of internationalism was underway. Even national prejudices couldn't halt it. Frontiers were falling down; people were meeting and un-

derstanding each other; the races of the world were getting together under fire.

It isn't only news correspondents who get round. Not long ago a rusty old freighter battled its way to Boston through a nor'wester. A blond young American jackknifed his ranginess over the rail. Protecting the convoy he saw warships of the U.S., Britain, Free France, and the Dutch navy. "Huh! Real International Squadron," he remarked to the man at his side. Over a scotch and soda in the cramped little bar below, they talked shop. He works for an aero engine corporation.

He had been to Darwin. "The Aussies look like the British but they act a whole lot more like us," he said. On his way back to Britain he had talked in Java with 11 U.S. citizens who were teaching the Dutch to fly the American planes. Farther on the way to England he had boarded a great

armored flying boat. Near Cairo they picked up passengers. One was a Dutch medical expert in tropical diseases, another a Belgian cartographer. Finally, before leaving England for America on the old freighter, he had taken a bomber ride to North Ireland. There he found a classmate from Yale working with a few hundred other Americans on a war project.

Now, among his shipmates on the freighter were an American who had been flying with the RAF, now elated at being able to come back to fly with the U. S. Army Air Corps—and a baldheaded Pole who had fought Hitler in Poland, France and Greece. He was Canada-bound to the RCAF training wing. Then there were an American engineer and a British expert returning from Russia. Joked the Britisher in an English accent that had lost its edge: "I can find the men's room in a dozen languages now. After Turkish, Russian was easy."

The nations are getting together in a million ways. Each one seems to have something the other lacks, and a giant scheme of coordination is under way. Perhaps there had to be a war to show the nations how useful one was to the other. Now the United Nations are in such a huddle that separation after the war will be almost impossible—you and I had better be happily resigned over becoming a citizen of the world rather than of a nation.

The new internationalism glitters with myriad facets. America needs pilots for those 175,000 warplanes the

President ordered. Canada has vast airfields, an elaborate training set-up. "Send your cadets up here—we can step up our output," said the Canadian Air Minister. Now the industrial resources of both countries are as one. America is short of tin. Britain had most of the world's tin, though she took little foresight to defend it. Canada is long on silver, and America's essential cannning may soon be done with an alloy of it. From China comes antimony—a particularly rare and valuable munitions metal.

EVERWHERE, men and women of the United Nations are fitting their special talents into the complicated jig-saw of international endeavor.

The Chinese are good fighters, but their conception of traffic control is undeveloped. And what use to build an engineering marvel like the Burma Road and choke it? So President Roosevelt sent Daniel Arnstein, ex-Chicago taxi driver and trucking expert, to China with two other American trucking experts. They found chaos, but Arnstein wrote a report for Generalissimo Chiang and President Roosevelt. As a result of that report the Burma Road was made to work again.

To win wars you have to fight; to fight and win you have to get men and supplies there first, and keep them rolling. Americans excel in transport. Therefore American experts are working out transportation problems for the more conservative British and time-is-not-vital Russians. They are figuring how best to get lend-lease

aid where it is most wanted.

Military necessity, of course, united the nations in the first place. But swiftly on its heels came the industrial necessities to support the united armies and to feed the united peoples.

Today, Americans are fighting all over the world, side by side with troops of other nations. Australia, the country most like America in spirit, is being defended by doughboys. Earlier, as the Japanese invasion spread like an ugly brown stain across the map, the American Volunteer Group flew wing to wing with British and Chinese fliers. History will always remember these "Flying Tigers," as the Chinese call them. They blunted the Japanese aerial spearhead, proving that given near equality, American planes and pilots could lick the enemy cold.

AIRMEN all over the world talk to each other—and after this war, United Nations' aviators will have a lot to talk about. For they are training together, as well as fighting side by side. In Southern Arizona fliers from 13 nations are learning to fly by American methods with American planes. There are British RAF cadets, students from the Chinese Air Force and from South and Central America.

Abroad, military and naval commands have mostly been dovetailed now. The Chinese have appointed Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell as Chief of Staff in charge of all major operations in the China area. That is their way of saying to the United Nations: "If you want soldiers, we have them.

Take what you want."

America's good-neighbor policy towards the Latin American republics has now become a matter of urgent cooperation. The banishing of Axis airlines was a preview of what was to follow. From now on Latin-American importers are going to be very busy. All war resources are pooled. From Argentine and Uruguay Uncle Sam will take more meat, from Peru more cotton.

Rubber shortage due to Japan's Malayan conquest is acute. But rubber comes from South America too. And now, British experts are placing their experience for increasing the production of rubber in the general pool.

Latin America stands in with Uncle Sam in everything. OPM has announced the allocation of 110 products to be exported to countries down south to maintain their internal economies. Some of these things we need ourselves, but down they go in the spirit of internationalism.

How money can work a miracle is shown by the following:

Brazil has the richest bed of iron in the world. For years Britain, the U.S. and Germany have been trying to get control of that iron and develop it. Now, as I write this, the U.S. Export-Import Bank will loan Brazil \$14,000,000 to open up those mines and to build shipping facilities to handle the 13 billion tons of ore. As a result, the entire free world will profit by the deal.

Today if a Latin-American government wants a nutritionist, it has only

to ask and the answer will arrive by ship, train or plane. If China wants a radio technician, he'll clipper half-way round the world; if Russia wants an agricultural expert, he'll fly from Britain.

As a matter of fact, the Russians are in urgent need of agricultural experts. Russia's scorched earth policy cost her plenty. Her need to reclaim every possible inch of soil from which she has expelled the Nazis is vital. The British are good farmers; so to Russia goes Sir John Russell, noted expert of soil and cereal and vegetable production. Russia lost 68 per cent of her beet sugar to Hitler; so Uncle Sam bought 17,500,000 pounds for her. Now, British and American experts are putting their scientific heads together to see that some brother nations can supply what Russia wants.

Japan's war on America has driven the British and the Americas closer together of necessity. British war experience has sudden value. Every American pilot who roars to battle on his P-40 is trained to the last second by study of combat reports supplied by RAF. The OCD obtained its first working model from Britain. New York hotels, faced with the problem of keeping safe the world's biggest hotel population and in a state of total unpreparedness, cabled London for advice. By return air-mail came detailed plans of hotel defense from Sir Francis Towle, Britain's hotel king.

Who's paying for it all, and how? No time to talk of that now. Trade must go on; at the moment service for service seems a pretty good barter

line. Germany, Italy and Japan proved that money doesn't matter a lot when you want to make war.

Out of the new international effort to make peace profitable, the odds that an international dollar will be born are 100 to one. Figures and accounting between nations have soared out of comprehension to the layman, but there will have to be a price level when this is all over.

Now WHAT is this great shake-up of the nations doing to the world's people? How is it affecting you and me, and our sons and daughters?

Let's go back to Alice Smith in England struggling with her American history in school. Beside her is Ileana Koops, refugee from Holland. Nearby Marta Gaevert, whose parents flew from Brussels.

At a neighboring arts school is young Gustaf Frolich from Munich, studying music. He listens to the succession of national anthems of the warring nations, played over the air. He hears President Roosevelt's speech referring to the United Nations. Gustaf ponders — an international anthem! If he could only write one with the heart stir of the *Star Spangled Banner*, the blood-tingle of the *Marseillaise* and the prayer of *God Save the King*. He begins to write it; you may hear it one day.

From Mare Island I get a letter from a nephew. He spent his first glorious day sporting the wide gold braid of a full Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, with a California girl. After explaining that his ship was

"having her face lifted," he wrote, "I've found the only girl in the world," adding, "and I thought I'd left her at home!"

The British officers and men who married the young Icelandic women are real pioneers. The drawing rooms of Kensington or Birmingham may lift their eyebrows a little, but it will do a lot of good for the English to know that the Icelanders are not Eskimos and don't eat raw fish.

Where is it all leading to, this world fellowship? Will the dazed British planters and ex-Generals in Malaya remember after the war that the Chinese is a good fighter and a gentleman, and that the American is a grand dynamic character in spite of his movies; or shall we just go back to yesterday with customs barriers, passport restrictions, and all that?

"This getting together's pretty good," commented a young RAF pilot. "If we only succeed in teaching the Americans to make a decent cup of tea, and they teach us to make a good cup of coffee, we shall have achieved something, don't you think?"

The truth is that Britons and Americans are already very close together.

But we have to realize that the world is not only England and America. A new Asia is now fighting for us—later will be working with us. Chiang's visit to India did what no British or American statesman could do. He talked to the Asiatics as an Asiatic on equal terms, a task out of the reach of Englishmen or Americans.

India, fighting and working industrially for America, for Britain, for China, is an India who'll be a customer in after years, working perhaps as a United States of the Orient, buying railways, factories, iceboxes, electrical products and education.

There should be no "have-not" nations after this war, so closely interlocked will be our international economics. But Heaven help the democratic nations if they come unstuck again—and again start doing their own washing instead of each others. It would be a terrible prospect if little English girls should someday again be taught nothing more about George Washington than that he cut down a cherry tree!

So let's be optimistic and say that now we are together we'll stay that way—always.

Pardon the Confusion

STUDENTS of chemistry at the University of Texas supplied the following definitions in answer to a quiz: chlorine is "a dancer in a night club;" plaster of Paris is a building material used in France, and centimeter is a "hundred-legged worm-like animal."

Also, precipitate means "to take part in something" and equilibrium is the "state of being always right side-up."

—ZETA ROTHSCHILD

Men of War

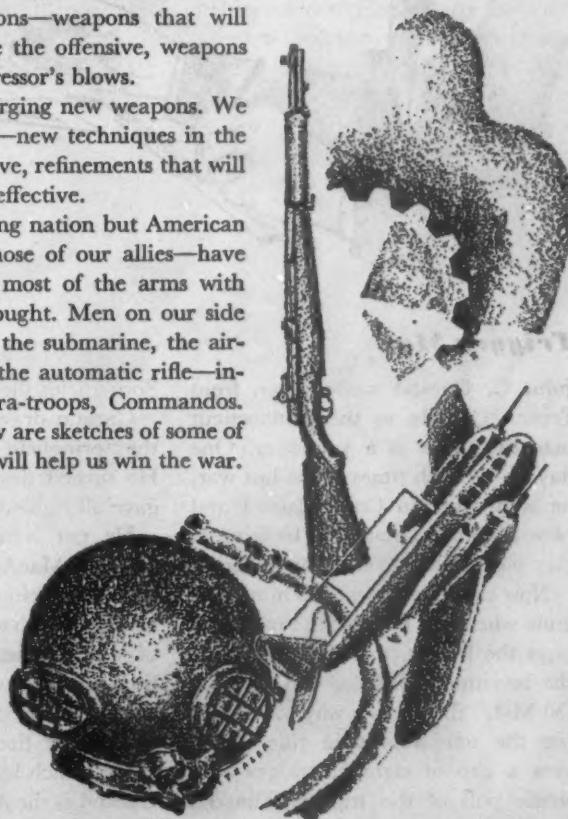
IN A THOUSAND laboratories of America, white-coated scientists are bending over retorts, endlessly checking data of experiments. In a thousand drafting rooms men sweat over intricate blueprints and with infinite pains fit together scale models of new machines.

If necessity is the mother of invention, in wartime this is doubly true. Out of the vast storehouse of American scientific and industrial research are being forged new weapons—weapons that will enable our troops to take the offensive, weapons that will hold off the aggressor's blows.

And not only are we forging new weapons. We are seeking—and finding—new techniques in the use of arms we already have, refinements that will make them tenfold more effective.

America is a peace-loving nation but American brains and skills—plus those of our allies—have already given the world most of the arms with which the war is being fought. Men on our side first thought of the tank, the submarine, the airplane, the machine gun, the automatic rifle—invented dive-bombing, para-troops, Commandos.

On the pages that follow are sketches of some of the men whose ingenuity will help us win the war.





Trigger Man

John C. Garand came down from French Canada to the Connecticut machine shops as a youngster. One day in the flush times of the last war, he went over to Coney Island and blew \$100 in an ecstasy of banging at clay pigeons in the shooting galleries.

Now the government lets him shoot guns whenever he feels the urge and buys the bullets, too. For Garand is the inventor of "Rifle, U.S., caliber .30 M-1," the Army's way of describing the semi-automatic rifle which fires a clip of eight cartridges at a single pull of the trigger. The old

Springfields shot bullets one at a time.

Garand draws \$5,000 a year from the Springfield arsenal and is happy. He turned down private offers and gave all rights to the United States.

He got a big thrill last winter. General MacArthur wired from Bataan that neither mud nor foxholes or heavy firing had put the Garand out of commission. Garand laughed a little too. It was MacArthur—over the protests of the Army conservatives—who put the okay on the experiments which led to acceptance of the Garand as the Army's official weapon.

Listener

Robert Alexander Watson Watt is no relation to the inventor of the steam engine. He is a canny, pipe-smoking Scot who speaks with the thick burr of Dundee and calls himself "one of the boys in the backroom."

He has a row of scholarly letters after his name a yard long and his official title—almost as long—is "Scientific Advisor on Telecommunications to the Air Ministry."

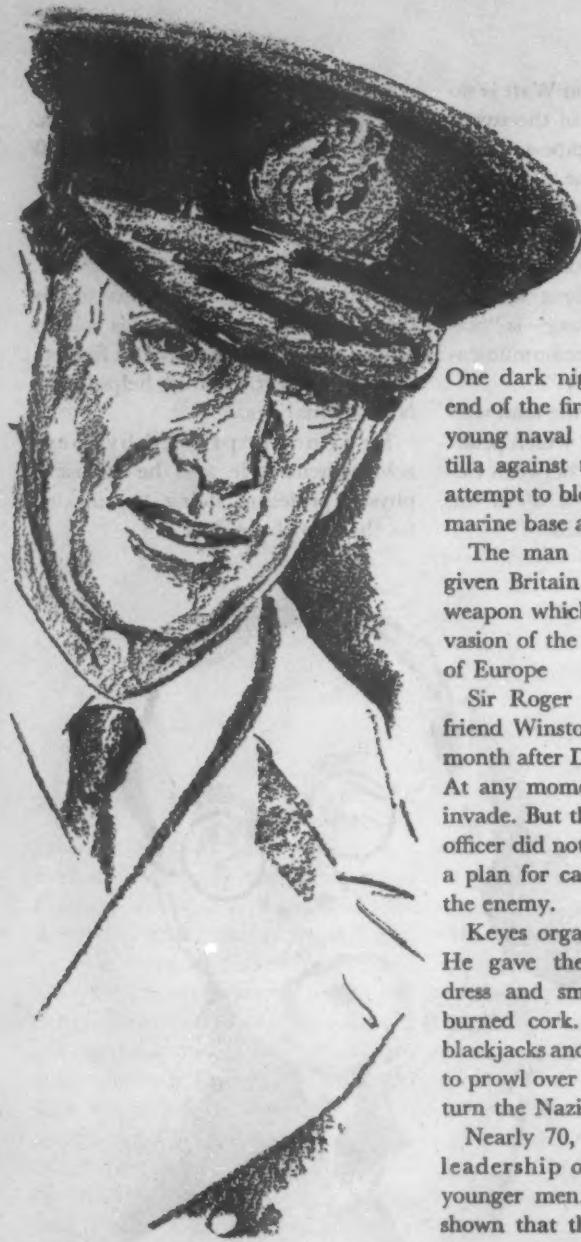
That means that he is the man who devised the radio locator which probably made the difference between victory and defeat to the RAF in the thunderous Battle of Britain.

Sound devices are lucky to pick up five out of 10 flights of bombers. Watt's invention located 75 to 100 per cent of the German squadrons. On one red letter day it enabled 21 successive RAF fighter units to locate their enemy quarry.

Watt has other inventions to his credit, too. But their nature is still an official secret. One helps night fighters find their target. Another helps locate Nazi submarines.

He is not impressed by these achievements. He says he is just a physics professor, doing "a mickle" for the lads of the RAF.





Commando

One dark night not long before the end of the first World War, a daring young naval officer led a suicide flotilla against the Belgian coast in an attempt to block up the German submarine base at Zeebrugge.

The man who led that raid has given Britain a unique weapon—the weapon which will spearhead the invasion of the German-held continent of Europe.

Sir Roger Keyes went to his old friend Winston Churchill less than a month after Dunkirk. It was ebb tide. At any moment the Germans might invade. But the leathery, tight-lipped officer did not talk of defense. He had a plan for carrying the war back to the enemy.

Keyes organized the Commandos. He gave them their black battle-dress and smeared their faces with burned cork. He armed them with blackjack and knives and taught them to prowl over the European coast and turn the Nazi night into terror.

Nearly 70, Keyes has turned over leadership of the Commandos to younger men. But not until he had shown that the British lion still had claws and courage.

Paratrooper

Brig. Gen. Chennault doesn't look like a man who once flew in an air circus and did aerial acrobatics with his plane roped to two others. He looks more like a middle-aged school teacher (he used to be one in Louisiana).

You've heard a good deal about Chennault lately as the leader of the daredevil air crew which has fought the Japanese to a standstill wherever they meet over Burma.

What should make him famous—but probably won't—is the fact that he invented paratroops. The Russians generally get credit for paratroops

and the Germans first put them to practical use in warfare.

But Chennault—back in the barnstorming and stunting era of 1926—dropped men, supplies and even artillery by parachute three full years before the Soviet Osoaviakhim embarked on their big parachute program that gave the Nazis the bright idea.

Chennault is 51 now, the kindly, soft-spoken father of nine kids. He doesn't expect any credit for his paratroop brain child but he's mighty glad to see that the U.S. Army has finally taken up the idea.





Underwater Man

Simon Lake is not in the thick of this war. He is getting on toward 80 now. But his brain child is in there.

Simon Lake is the man who invented the submarine. Every U-boat that preys the seas is the prototype of the first even-keel underwater boat which he built in his youth.

Men had been experimenting with submarines for years before Lake came along. A little one-man submersible was tried out in New York harbor during the Revolutionary War and it, by no means, was the first.

But Lake made the submarine work. Just a year before the sinking of the *Maine* his *Argonaut* put to sea, the first sub to operate in the open ocean.

The first Lake submarines were built for the U.S. Navy. But the Germans quickly picked up the idea. Lake built a pair of submersibles for the Russians during the Russo-Japanese War. The Germans got their hands on them, and by the time World War I had started they had developed the weapon to the point where von Tirpitz considered it the key to winning. The Nazis took over from there.

Tanker

Maj. Gen. Ernest Dunlop Swinton, now retired to the quiet of All Souls College, Oxford, invented the tank in the First World War and lived to see his weapon—in the hands of Germany—come within an ace of battering down the ramparts of Empire.

Swinton was a lieutenant-colonel in 1916. Along with another young lieutenant-colonel, Maurice Paschal Hankey, he conceived and developed the tank. Thanks to a third man named Winston Churchill, the plans

of the young officers were carried into execution.

Swinton commanded the first tank detachment, and until just before the outbreak of World War II was commandant of the Royal Tank Corps. He never intended the armored fighting cars he invented to be called "tanks." That was just a name to throw spies off the track—but it stuck. The first tank battalion was called "Heavy section, machine gun corps"—for a similar reason.



Bomber

When people say: "Bomb Berlin and Tokyo!" they are talking Glenn Martin's language. Martin makes the weapon which many people think will win the war—the bomber.

Martin didn't invent the bomber. America has a half dozen good bombing planes. But Martin bombers are practically unique. They are the only ones in the air that are turned out by an aviation pioneer and turned out by mass production in line assembly methods.

The other pioneers have died, retired or virtually disappeared since aviation got to be big business. Not

Martin. He learned to fly a glider in 1907 and was the 56th person in the country to be certified as a pilot. He won his spurs with a daredevil flight from Newport, California, to Catalina Island in 1912 at a time when he already had been turning out planes in his own factory for three years. The "factory" had a staff of five then. Last year 17,000 men labored in his Middle River, Maryland plant. How many he has today is a military secret.

Martin likes to go it alone. He once merged with the Wright interests but pulled out almost immediately. He's a bachelor.



Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to This Issue:

JOHN SAGE
V. DE FATIMA
ERIC LINDEN
BETTY CHURCH
DONALD COOPER
W. F. PORTELL
FRITZ HENSEL
THOMAS R. HOLLYMAN
GEORGE R. PARIS
ROSENA TRUTH
RICHARD W. EAST
RICHARD M. STEVENS
WILLIE DUNCANSON
EMILY F. EVERED
GORDON BAINSCOTT
FRANK J. MERSOHEL
GLENN SMITH
DR. HARRI



Terror's End

V. DEPALMA, FROM FPG

ROWEN



PG ROWENA FRUTH, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

Hero Worship



The Alert

ERIC LUNDGREN, WEST PALM BEACH RICHARD



CH

RICHARD W. CASE, GOSHEN, N. Y.

Sulky Vet



Belly Laugh

BETTY CHURCH, LOS ANGELES RICHARD



LES RICHARD M. STEVENS, CHICAGO

Junior Miss



Partial Eclipse

HOBART, FROM MONKMEYER WARD



EYEWARD HUTCHINSON, SHARON, CONN.

Crow's Eye View



The Upstart

W. F. POSTLES, FROM PPG EMER



FPO EMERY REVES-BIRO, NEW YORK

"Give Us This Day . . ."



Aristocrat

FRITZ HENLE, FROM PUBLIX CURTI



LIX CURTIS WAINSCOTT, FROM FPG

Base Fiddler



Spectator Sportsmen

THOMAS B. HOLLYMAN, ST. LOUIS

FRANK J.



IS FRANK J. SCHERSCHEL, FROM PUBlix

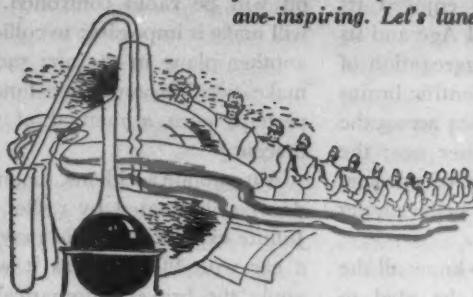
Saturday's Children



Shadows on the Shore

GEORGE R. PARIS, DALLAS

The miracles of modern radio are many, but RCA plans wonders for tomorrow that are even more awe-inspiring. Let's tune in on the future.



Rangefinders for Tomorrow

by HOWARD WHITMAN

LE'T'S SAY it's 1967—25 years hence. Strolling through Central Park in New York, you suddenly want to talk to a friend in Chicago. So?

So you just take your person-to-person radio out of your pocket and converse with him!

It won't matter where your friend may be—hurrying along Michigan Avenue or waiting for a street car. You'll still be able to get him by radio.

Sound a little like Buck Rogers? Actually, it is a very real man, Ralph R. Beal, dreaming out loud. Beal is director of research for the Radio Corporation of America; his job is interpreting the winks and promises of science. And when he dreams of person-to-person radio as a possibility for 1967, he does so with both feet on the ground.

Beal will tell you that science at the present time is toying with micro-

waves—radio waves so short as to make millions of wavelengths available instead of the present limited number. And once these are tamed and harnessed, it may become possible for each of us to have his own personal wavelengths—just as now we each have our own telephone number.

But person-to-person radio is just one of myriad miracles that may one day emerge from a certain isolated, unpretentious building, "somewhere in the East." Today that building is getting its finishing touches. As you read these lines, some 150 of America's crack scientists are moving in with their gear and gadgets. Known as RCA Laboratories, this new abode of science will tie together all of the hitherto scattered research centers of the vast radio corporation. Before long, 150 to 200 more scientists will move into its sprawling wings, bringing the total personnel of the labora-

tories to between 600 and 700.

America has already enjoyed its Steam Age, its Electrical Age and its Radio Age. Now this aggregation of the world's top-flight scientific brains are about to take America across the threshold into yet another age: the Electronic Age—an age of miracles which can scarcely be believed, let alone understood.

"We haven't begun to know all the tricks the electron will be glad to play for us if we give it the right environment," Beal promises. Yet already, some of the electron's tricks are being played to good advantage in American factories. Radio frequency power is being used for detonating explosive rivets in putting airplane chassis together. Radio is being used for cementing plywood, for making alloys, and in the building of plastic planes. By radio heating, certain materials can be processed in one-sixtieth of the time formerly required—and come out 30 percent stronger.

Much of the magic that is worked in RCA Laboratories will be cloaked in darkest secrecy—for war purposes. But when peace comes we can expect a wholesale unveiling of miracles. After all, radio itself was a neglected stepchild when World War I began. But war has a habit of short-cutting progress.

Chief engineer of RCA's new laboratories, Dr. C. B. Jolliffe, steals a look at tomorrow in terms of aviation. Suppose, he says, private planes ever become as numerous as private automobiles today.

"They will be entirely automatic,"

Dr. Jolliffe predicts, "and the take-off will be radio controlled. Radio will make it impossible to collide with another plane in the air; radio will make possible automatic landings—perhaps even a method of vertical descent."

Automobile accidents, too, may one day be eliminated by radio. As Dr. Jolliffe explains it, radio may supply a car with "feelers," as it were, to apply the brakes automatically if it gets too close to another car. Or a kind of radio cushion that would repel a car from solid objects. The same sort of crash eliminator, Dr. Jolliffe points out, would be invaluable on ships—especially in fogs.

And how about railroad trains? Let's ask another scientist, Dr. H. H. Beverage, who directs RCA communications research. He sees the railroad lines of tomorrow as gigantic radio-controlled networks, with central control boards, possibly operating hundreds of miles of lines from a single radio control center. In other words, a kind of glorified version of Junior running his toy train from a single electrical control board. Only then it will be radio, not Santa Claus, that makes it possible.

TELEVISION and facsimile are already far along. After the war, both will probably burst into bloom just as aviation and radio did after the last war. What can we expect?

Dr. Beverage says one thing we can expect is a radio camera, so compact that a newspaperman can take it to the scene of a story. The very

instant that he snaps his picture, an actual print will appear at the receiving end in his office. Dr. Jolliffe also foresees a new kind of newsreel—geared to television so that we will see news the very moment it's happening.

What about your home in 1967? Arthur F. Van Dyck, in charge of the industry service section at the new laboratories, believes the present-day home has too many separated wires in it—electric current wires, telephone wires, radio antenna, even television antenna. These and many others will be combined, Van Dyck believes, and piped into the home of tomorrow through a single cable. Perhaps this single magic cable will carry all our present services, plus facsimile, plus two-way house-to-automobile radio, plus three-dimensional color television, plus remote radio and television control to turn the sets on automatically in case of vitally important announcements.

The man from Mars, as you may gather, would be amazed indeed to see this world of 1967. But—don't be surprised if we see *him* first! Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, one of RCA's most celebrated research workers, has been a leading light in developing the electron microscope, science's new magnifying glass which increases the power of previous microscopes about 100 times. "If we are able to apply the same principles to the telescope," says Zworykin, "there is no telling what we may see."

Radio research, of course, has a long way to go. But then it has come

a long way, too. Curiously, though, America was late getting into the swim. But for the U.S. Navy, she might have been left behind completely.

For in 1919, England, financing Marconi, was world-dominant in radio. And then, in 1919, the General Electric Company developed the Alexanderson Alternator, a gadget destined to push radio ahead by leaps and bounds. But GE, not interested in radio, was about to sell the invention to the Marconi interests.

Here the Navy peeled a wary eye. Was radio to slip through America's fingers altogether? "No!" thundered the Navy. So on April 4, 1919, General Electric was requested to halt its sale of the Alexanderson Alternator. Meanwhile, conferences were held, and with the U.S. Navy as midwife the Radio Corporation of America was born.

RCA research began in a tent. In the Fall of 1919, Dr. Beverage and four other young radio bugs installed themselves in the middle of a lonely field near Riverhead, Long Island. They pitched a tent and, within a few hours, were engrossed in what many inquisitive townspeople thought was black magic. Actually it was the invisible magic of radio, and they kept at it all Winter.

Being something you can't see or hold onto, radio has always been a slippery, elusive, phantom-like quantity. It has been said that Edison, in his early work on the incandescent lamp, stumbled upon radio and didn't

know it. His laboratory notebook showed that he set up a circuit which was, in reality, the first radio detector. But Edison, seeking electric light, passed radio by unwittingly.

In 1925 radio development was all but stymied when research workers were experimenting with short waves.

"We found that the short waves were more effective at night," Dr. Beverage explains, "while in the day-time, the shorter the waves the less effective they were. This was a severe stumbling block, for we needed day-time transmission."

So Marconi, in Wales, decided to see what was what. One day in October, 1925, he began to send out radio signals over the ocean—with the wavelengths gradually growing shorter and shorter. Dr. Beverage, in a little hotel in Tuckerton, New Jersey, listened avidly to the signals, using a bedspring for an antenna. For 24 hours Marconi kept sending, and Dr. Beverage and other scientists kept listening. Sure enough, the signals were weaker by day, stronger by night.

But—Marconi kept working down, from 100 meters all the way down to 32 meters. Dr. Beverage could hardly believe his bedspring—as Marconi got into those shorter wavelengths, the whole difficulty vanished. Here signals came in fine during the day, even stronger than at night. Thus did radio gloriously leap over one of its many big hurdles—to gallop on toward new frontiers. (Just between Marconi, Beverage and the bedspring, though, nobody ever knew *why* it

happened—it just happened.)

Radio research has produced a number of very practical by-products. Alcatraz Penitentiary, for example, has its "automatic snitch" as an incidental result of work in RCA labs. This can tell in an instant if a prisoner has a knife inside his shirt, or a file in his back pocket, by automatically detecting the presence of metal.

Another gadget is the "tick analyser," a device for diagnosing watch ailments. It makes possible in a few minutes certain adjustments which might otherwise take days or weeks. More significant in the world today is the "alert receiver," which is designed for air-raid wardens. It is a small gadget that can be attached to a radio set. It receives a sub-audible signal and automatically rings a bell and flashes a light when the air-raid warden is wanted by defense officials.

RESEARCH has been defined at 70 percent thinking and 30 percent actual labor. Dr. Zworykin's assistants remember one occasion when he took three or four of them to the lake shore to recuperate after several days of dog-tiring work on the Iconoscope. Driving back to the laboratory next morning, Zworykin looked at his watch, saw they were going to be late. Precisely at eight o'clock, therefore, he tooted the horn of the car and announced: "All right, gentlemen, let's go to work!" Whereupon all drifted off into deep, silent thought until they arrived at the lab.

Zworykin, the man who invented the Iconoscope and Kinescope, told

Westinghouse chiefs as early as 1923 he had something similar to present-day television. They thanked him politely, but decided Zworykin had better do something practical. Five years later they asked him if he'd please go on with television where he left off.

At the new laboratories, he will work under E. W. Engstrom, director, a blue-eyed man of 40 whose cool practicality puts the finishing touches on much that comes off the work benches. And, at his side will be Dr. B. J. Thompson, another of RCA's Merlin's of radio.

"I look upon you as our intellectual shock troops—sons of science—whose purpose it is to do the job not only of today but to make life happier for mankind tomorrow and to lift the curtain of obscurity which for the

moment besogs a struggling world." So said President David Sarnoff of RCA, assigning his picked retainers to their new laboratories. Here, he said, was a chance "to share some of your dreams and hopes, and to cry on the other man's shoulder over your disappointments."

Sarnoff wants his men to pronounce the word *re search*' rather than *re-search*. He once said that *re' search* means taking another look for something that is already known, while *re search*' suggests looking for something new.

And they're looking for something new, all right!

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE FUTURE

by Bruce Bliven

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York \$3.00



Revealing Speeches



IN THE EARLY 1930's a couple of Amherst graduates were attending a conference at Madrid. In the midst of the festivities, they decided to form an Amherst Club of Madrid, and that nothing would do but that they hold a banquet, the high point of which would be a message from that celebrated Amherstian, ex-President Calvin Coolidge.

They prepared a cable to Mr. Coolidge, asking him to send a suitable message of greeting.

Knowing Mr. Coolidge's frugal habits, they informed him that as U. S. delegates to this conference, they had the privilege of sending and receiving free cablegrams. In short, they hinted that Mr. Coolidge need not spare any words for economy's sake.

The banquet was a great success. Everything was going along fine, leading up to the big moment when Mr. Coolidge's message would be read. Finally the head speaker opened it. It said:

"Greetings."

—LOWELL THOMAS IN *Pageant of Life* (WILFRED FUNK)

*Today's servicemen can go their fathers one better
—instead of letters that fade and turn yellow
they now send spoken messages home*



Service Men on Wax

by BARBARA HEGGIE

A FEW WEEKS ago a postman climbed up the steps of a little red brick house in the suburbs outside of Richmond. In his hand he held a small square manila envelope. To the stout gray-haired woman who opened the door he said cheerily:

"It's from Sam, Mrs. Baldwin. For a soldier he certainly is a good correspondent."

Inside the envelope was a shiny white cardboard disk with a hole in the center.

"Gee, it's a record!" exclaimed little Joey Baldwin excitedly. "It's a record, Mom, that's what it is. Let's play it."

And as the family gathered around the old victrola, a man's voice was heard speaking slowly and distinctly.

Hello, Mom. Hello, Dad. Hello, Edna, Lou and Joey. We've got to push off to-morrow and we don't know where we're heading for, but it sure is swell to have this

last chance to tell you goodbye . . .

"Why, it's Sam!" Mrs. Baldwin burst into happy tears. "That's Sam's voice, just as though he were here in this room."

In the last six months over 10,000 families of men in the services have been going through just this sort of experience. It has all come about because of the desire of one man to do his bit—George Robert Vincent, a short, chunky fellow who is known to big New York recording studios as the best free-lance sound engineer in the business. Among record collectors he enjoys a wider fame as the owner of the best library of voice recordings in the world.

Vincent's collection—he calls it his National Vocarium—started when he was a boy of 13. His friend, young Charlie Edison, took him out to New Jersey to visit his family, and while Vincent was there he confided to

Edison Sr. his passion for listening to the sound of people's voices.

"When I read about Mary Queen of Scots or Alexander the Great in school, I always wish I could hear them speak," he said. "Then I would know what they were like."

Impressed with the boy's sincerity, Edison presented him with a recording machine, explaining that when he invented the phonograph his original intention had been to build up a library of all the famous voices in the world.

"I guess I'll hand that project over to you, son," he said with a smile.

Vincent has not done badly. In his office on top of the French Building in Rockefeller Center he has over 5,000 records of widely-known persons—some made by him and some unearthed in his wanderings over the world. He delights to listen to the voices of such celebrated departed as Theodore Roosevelt, Florence Nightingale, Mark Twain, Buffalo Bill and Rudyard Kipling.

IT WAS while Vincent was playing over one of these records, soon after war was declared on Japan, that the idea of "Living Letters" occurred to him. He had put on a recording of one-time Vice President Garret A. Hobart, making the first telephone conversation between Washington and New York. Hobart's son had come all the way from his Florida home to listen to it. He had not heard his father's voice since he was a boy, 40 years before and was as thrilled with the copy which the little sound engi-

neer had made for him as if it had been a deed to a gold mine.

"I thought to myself," Vincent explains, "that here was a guy who with all his money couldn't have bought the sound of his father's voice if that record hadn't been made. And then I thought, what about all these sailors and soldiers going off to fight this war? It would mean just as much to their families to listen to their voices as it did to Mr. Hobart."

Acting on his impulse, George Vincent was at the United Service Organization headquarters early next morning with an offer to spend evenings at the Brooklyn Navy Yard recording, free of charge, any message which sailors wanted to send to mothers, sweethearts or friends. Wary at first, the USO soon was impressed with the man's enthusiasm, and the grateful response of the servicemen. Vincent's evenings often turned into all-night sessions. The Army began to take an interest and the upshot of it all was that the USO and the U.S. Army Morale Division put him on the payroll as a full-time employee. At his request, they also supplied him with a station wagon to hold his heavy equipment and a stock of recording disks.

Vincent's first stop on his tour of USO clubs across the nation was at Fort Slocum Embarkation Camp at New Rochelle, where he recorded 100 voices at one stretch. From there he traveled down through the Virginias, the Carolinas and Mississippi. After a brief dash home to Manhattan to see his wife and little boy, age 12—he

Something akin to Robert Vincent's ingenious project of recording the voices of servicemen for their families and friends is currently being practiced by the Mutual Broadcasting System. Heard over that network from Australia, voices of the boys in the AEF "down under" are recorded thrice weekly by affiliated stations. These recordings are swiftly delivered to families of the soldiers in the vicinity with the help of the Red Cross. Reactions to the gift have varied, it is reported, from stubborn disbelief to mild shock and fainting.

struck out for the West Coast, and when last heard from was still hard at it.

Not satisfied with recording messages for soldiers and sailors, Vincent is also compiling for himself a vocal cross section of Army and Navy life that will some day have great historical value. A swift series of sound pictures will reveal to you what is going on behind scenes in the world of your soldier brothers and husbands. You hear the excellent jazz orchestra which the draftees at Fort Slocum have organized. Then you hear a captain addressing a new batch of draftees down at Edgewood Arsenal. His voice sounds a trifle weary and you visualize the rows of young bewildered faces that are looking up at him. Again you hear a recording of some high jinks in the Annapolis USO club. The soldiers are being entertained by a couple of Hawaiian singers, and listening to the laughing and wisecracking that is going on you get the idea that sometimes the life of a

soldier is "fine, fine, fine."

In addition, Vincent is recording any outstanding examples of individual talent he comes across.

"Remember Joyce Kilmer," he says, "the fellow who wrote the poem, *Trees*, and then got killed over in France? Think how swell it would be if you could hear his voice reciting it now. I've got an ear out for the Joyce Kilmer of this war."

Whenever possible, Vincent likes to record his "Living Letters" in a separate room. He insists that the men shall come in one at a time, so that they will express their thoughts more freely. Busy with his recorder, Vincent seems just like part of the machinery to the soldier who is trying to put down on the disk just how much he misses the girl he left behind him. Sometimes, Vincent claims, he gets so embarrassed he can feel his ears sizzling.

The messages that Vincent has recorded have been from all kinds of soldiers and sailors—old service men, draftees still damp behind the ears, homesick men, men raring to meet up with the enemy, boys from old New England farmhouses, refugees who became U. S. citizens only on entering the army. But oddly enough, what they talk about can be roughly classed under a few headings.

First there is the opposite extreme from the over-sentimental—the tongue-tied men who when face to face with the mike will let the disk go on revolving while they search frantically for something to say.

Again, there are those who take

this opportunity to unload all the petty grievances which they have accumulated since they came to camp.

Finally there are the ones who are overcome with the knowledge that their words will actually be made into a record. One boy from upper New York State said:

I am speaking for posterity. This is an infamous time, and I hope that this record don't break, so posterity won't lose what I have to say . . .

A ringing denunciation of practically everything and everybody followed, which no doubt deeply impressed his girl when she received it.

Every now and then Vincent will take down a message that makes him want to cheer—one, especially—a recording which a young colored soldier sent home. To fully appreciate it, you have to bear in mind that it was delivered, as are all the messages, unrehearsed. The boy simply said what was on his mind at the time. And you must imagine the sound of his voice, soft-spoken but determined:

Hello, Mother and Dad. I'm speaking to you tonight directly from Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland. As you know, today I have been down here in the army a year all but nine days, and all this time I have thought of you as the grandest parents in the world. I also think about Dally,

Lennox, Dan, Janet, Little Boy, and all of the family.

Truthfully I have missed all of you. But you know the reasons I am here and it cannot be helped. This is war, and it's as much your son's responsibility as anyone else's. I haven't forgotten the things you have struggled to give me nor the many things you have taught me. My home training has made it possible for me to associate myself with all the people I've come into contact with, and to readily adapt myself to new and strange surroundings. All of your advice has made it possible for me to be a regular soldier here in my company. May you be forever proud of me, because I want you to.

War as we have known it has been dreadful, but this one is far more so. It's horrible both to those out in civilian life as to us here in the army. This one may be long and cruel. No one knows when or where we will be ordered into action, but for my sake please keep your chins up and take the good news along with the bad.

Pray for me that God will watch over me and protect me forever. And when the battles are over and victory is ours, may I come home to you never to leave again for a cause like this. For peace and freedom shall be ours because we will have sacrificed much for these rights. Love to you and the family, your son, Thomas.



A NY COWARD can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing. That's my way, sir; and there are many victories worse than a defeat.

—GEORGE ELIOT, *Jane's Repentance*

The idea that we live two lives is as old as man. These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"



• • • On June 16, 1923, Fulton Oursler, formerly editor of *Liberty* magazine, dreamed that his wife, nearly speechless with fright, came running towards him. The floor and walls of their apartment were wet with blood.

Oursler said, "Look at all this blood!"

To which his wife replied, "Isn't the smell terrible?"

The following evening Oursler was reading at his desk when his wife ran into the room. She appeared terrified. However, she managed to point to the street below where the family dog had been struck by an automobile.

Oursler carried the dog, which was bleeding badly, into the house. In a few moments blood was spattered on the walls and floor. Mrs. Oursler declared as in the dream, "Doesn't the blood smell terrible?"

Oursler did not answer. He was thinking of a fourth dimension suggested by a man named Einstein—a dimension called "time."



• • • For two years Mrs. John W. Cummings of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, tried vainly to discover the whereabouts of a close childhood friend. Then one night in August, 1941, she dreamed she had met the friend in a New York Chinese restaurant.

Two days later, she received word that she had won a radio contest and that the prize was an all expense trip to New York. Arriving in New York a day ahead of her prearranged tour, she suddenly thought of the dream: Not knowing anyone in the city, she decided to go to the Chinese restaurant. But when she looked in the

phone book, she found that there were two restaurants of the dream name. She picked one at random.

Hardly had she seated herself at a table in the establishment, when the long-sought friend walked in.



• • • In 1845, Elias Howe had completed a working model of his machine. It had only one defect: the needle stubbornly refused to carry the thread steadily.

One night soon after, he fell into a heavy sleep and dreamed that he was a captive among savages who were about to kill him—unless he invented the accursed needle. The screaming natives rushed him, surrounding him with the points of countless spears. They were, however, peculiar spears, flat on one side and with a hole near the point.

When he awoke, he went to his work bench, and with calm fingers fashioned a needle in the shape of the savages' spears. *It worked.*



• • • Having gone to bed in the late afternoon of May 6, 1937, G. L. Cashner of Douglas, Wyoming, slept badly. His dreaming mind suddenly beheld a giant airship slowly approaching its mooring mast.

The nose of the craft was about to be coupled to the mast, when a

little tongue of pink flame flickered along the belly of the ship. An instant later the ship exploded like a gigantic fire cracker.

At this point Cashner awakened and noted it was 5:30 p.m. As he pondered his strange dream, his waking mind supplied the one detail lacking, the airship's name: *Hindenburg*.

At 7:30 on May 6, 1937—5:30 in Douglas, Wyoming—the last of the great airships came to its flaming end at Lakehurst, New Jersey.



• • • For 20 years Mrs. C. F. Folby, wife of a Methodist minister in a small middle western town, had the same peculiar recurring dream.

According to the story told by Miriam Hughes of New York City, in each dream Mrs. Folby would enter her sitting room and find a strange portrait hanging on the wall. The scene, even to the frame of the portrait, always was the same—except that the face in the portrait would be that of the member of the congregation whose death would occur the following day.

Often the face in her dream portrait was that of someone in the best of health, but always sudden death would find him the next day.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address "Your Other Life," Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

by Paul W. Kearney

It was the same car—the same driver—the same course. But the second trip took half as much gas as the first. Do you know why?



Keep It Lean!

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

ONCE UPON A TIME the automobile salesman — remember him? — used to pull a few frayed letters out of his inner pocket and show the prospect how Joe Zilch and a few other guys were getting 24 miles to the gallon out of this identical model.

But the prospect never came close to 24 miles to the gallon in that "identical model." Instead, he got flashy performance and hurricane speed. And in the end he probably decided that the letters were written by old gentlemen driving slowly over flat land—or by the salesman himself.

It didn't matter much then. But now it suddenly matters a great deal that those testimonials *were* true—that you and I can substantially increase our gas mileage.

It isn't only the old fogies who get the best gas economy: so, also, do the country's crack drivers. Last year's Gilmore Economy Run stretched 600

miles from Los Angeles to Grand Canyon, practically all up-hill through some tough mountain country. The drivers, with a fixed time limit to meet, hit 55 and 60 steadily on the open road. Yet those 10 drivers, piloting a variety of different make cars, averaged 23.36 miles per gallon between them.

A 5,500-pound Lincoln, with a passenger and baggage load of 850 pounds additional, turned in a figure of 21.03 mpg. A Zephyr did 22.96; a Studebaker Commander, 24.36; a Nash 600, 25.81; a Chrysler Windsor, 20.14—and so on.

Regardless of what you drive, how do your *honest* gas mileages compare with figures like those? Because the real question is not what you drive, but how.

Zierer and Macauley proved that in their S. A. E. tests by laying out a 10 mile course through Detroit and

driving the same car over it twice. The first time they aimed to do it as fast as possible *without exceeding* the 30-mile speed limit; the second time they tried to do it as economically as possible while, nevertheless, keeping up with the prevailing traffic stream.

In other words, the first run was in approved "cowboy" style: jack-rabbit starts the instant a light changed; roaring off in first to leave the other guys standing still; quick acceleration to hit the 30-mile limit as soon as possible; nose-dive stops when the next light changed to red. Thus they covered the course in 39 minutes with a tank mileage of 8.5 mpg.

For the second or "economy run," the same driver merely pulled in his horns. He started gradually and smoothly, usually in second; shifted quickly; accelerated slowly; held a steady speed; stopped feeding gas whenever he anticipated a slow-up in the traffic ahead; coasted into red lights. This time the run took 44 minutes—a mere 12 per cent longer. *But the tank mileage for this second trip was 17 mpg!*

One run got *twice the mileage* of the other, not because of *slow* driving but because of steady, thrifty driving.

Of course it's still true that if your car can do a thousand miles at 35 mph on 1 quart of oil, 55 gallons of gas and \$3 worth of tire tread, that same trip at 65 mph will cost you 4½ quarts of oil, 80 gallons of gas and \$10.50 worth of tires.

What needs to be added, though, is that no matter how much you reduce

your normal driving speeds, you will still waste gas needlessly unless you drive expertly.

Gas economy starts even before the car moves: under the hood. And the basic admonition to the motorist who wants to conserve gas can well be, "Keep It Lean."

It is a fact that most carburetors are set too rich for demonstration purposes and most motorists leave them that way. Yet gasoline men agree that the average driver could reduce his gas consumption 25 per cent if he kept his carburetor mixture just as lean as is possible for smooth operation with a warm engine.

IN ADDITION to correct carburetion, it is important to have the timing exact and the distributor points, spark plugs and battery in A-1 condition.

Two other things to watch are the air cleaner and the cooling system. If the former is caked with dust, your gas consumption is going up; so clean it often. The usual advice is every 5,000 miles: it won't hurt, today, to do it every 2,500. A cooling system that is below par also wastes gas by

"I believe that gasoline is a weapon of war and an instrument for victory. The citizen should be as careful in his use of gasoline and oil as he is in the preservation of his own health. The less gasoline the citizen wastes, the more the soldier has. To waste gasoline is to prolong the war."

—Harold L. Ickes

permitting the engine to overheat. Hence, don't fail to flush the radiator twice a year; keep the pump lubricated and packed; and the fan in good order. Likewise, don't use a heavier engine oil than the manufacturer recommends, for that also causes drag on moving parts—and burns more gas. And, speaking of drag, soft tires also waste gas (as well as rubber) so keep them normally inflated.

Such fundamentals are 10 times as vital as all the gas "dopes" on the market, plus all the carburetor gadgets sold to increase economy. The majority of them are outright gyps anyhow: if any of them ever do accomplish anything, it is invariably because the first step in their application is a proper adjustment of the carburetor and ignition.

Having tended to these things under the car's hood, it then becomes essential to correct some things under your own hood if you want maximum mileage from your gas. Perhaps the most dramatic summation of the thrifty driving technique is this:

Every time you stamp on the gas pedal OR the brake pedal, you throw a cupful of gas out of the window.

Obviously, you can't start without pressing on the gas pedal—or stop without pressing on the brakes. The

important distinction is the difference between *stamping* and *pressing* on them. What we need badly among motorists is some of the railroad engineer's doctrine of the smooth start: so smooth that the train doesn't start at all—the station just slips away from it!

There's another thing. Your own ears will tell you that too many motorists race their engines needlessly and grind along in first and second much too long. You generally can shift out of first as soon as the wheels begin to move—certainly before you hit 10 mph. Very often you can skip first entirely and start in second, shifting out of that gear by the time you reach 20 mph in either case. From that point on it is imperative to accelerate gradually. Rapid pickup wastes gas because it necessitates calling up more than you can use. And in traffic—where the bulk of our driving is done—you no sooner hit a good clip than you've got to jam on the brakes.

Right there you have the vicious circle of "cowboy" driving: the reason many drivers can burn up twice as much gas as they ought to without exceeding 30 or 35 miles an hour.

All of which brings us back to our original premise, to wit: the key to thrifty driving is under the hood: the car's hood and yours.

[decorative flourish]

SARAH BERNHARDT had a subtle sense of humor. Shortly after recovering from the amputation of her leg, she received a cable from the manager of the Pan-American Exposition. He had the temerity to ask permission to exhibit her leg at the Exposition, offering her \$100,000. She cabled back only two words: "Which leg?"

—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)

"McDonald's Corner," the ugliest spot in town, is now the site of a world-famous tearoom—and a tribute to the courage of a once-bedridden woman



Oasis in Missouri

by WILLIAM O. PLAYER, JR.

To TRAVEL-WISE gourmets, Kansas City is just a suburb of Gallatin, Missouri.

For Gallatin, Missouri, is the home of Mrs. McDonald's Tea Room, in the opinion of experts the most famous eating place in the Middle West and one of the 10 best in the country.

From the North, South, East and West, new thousands of strangers are drawn yearly to Gallatin—pilgrims to an Epicurean shrine. They need no signposts to guide them to Mrs. McDonald's little showplace of shiny white buildings, privet hedges and copper-lanterned flower gardens, tucked on the edge of a once obscure village of 1,500 population, far off a main highway and 60 miles from St. Joseph, nearest city of any size.

They pay city prices for Mrs. McDonald's food and like it; and they come back, bringing friends. On a Sunday or holiday, it's not unusual

for Mrs. McDonald to serve 300 meals.

"Do I advise anybody to dine at McDonald's Tea Room?" says Arthur M. Hyde, former Governor of Missouri and President Hoover's Secretary of Agriculture. "Not any more. I did a great deal of it in days gone by—but I'm tired of elbowing my way through when I try to get to a table!"

BACK IN 1929, the year of the crash, the doctors had long since given up hope for Virginia Rowell McDonald.

She was 43 years old. Tuberculosis—two types of it—had destroyed one of her lungs, necessitated the removal of five of her vertebrae, and cut her weight in half. For more than seven years, she had lain in a screen-walled room of a bungalow behind the weatherbeaten blacksmith shop on "McDonald's Corner," one of the unsightliest spots in Gallatin.

One day her husband, Charles W.

McDonald, formerly a well-to-do traveling salesman for a St. Louis hardware concern, steeled himself to tell her some bad news.

"Virginia," he said, "the money's all gone; what I've saved and what I've borrowed. Can't even raise the interest."

It wasn't as much of a blow to Virginia as her husband had feared. She'd been wondering, for quite some time, where the money was coming from—for hospitals, doctors, drugs, and all the rest.

"That's all right, Charlie," she said, feebly returning his grip. "We'll manage somehow."

But how?

For weeks, she lay there, desperately trying to think of some way to realize the promise.

There was the blacksmith shop: a dilapidated, unpainted structure built more than half a century before by Charlie's father, Samuel J. McDonald, the village smith and carriage-maker. A wide ditch, heaped with refuse, separated it from the maple-lined street. The yard was a wilderness of



weeds, dotted by a shabby smokehouse, chicken coops, a woodshed, and pieces of rusty machinery.

There was Charlie: hopelessly tied down by her illness; but a cheerful, willing worker, handy with hammer, saw, and brush, and even now vainly trying to make ends meet by serving hot dogs, as a sideline, over his little hardware counter in the smithy.

And there was herself: not much good for anything—unless she were well enough to cook.

THE THOUGHT took root in her brain and grew—and in its growth Mrs. McDonald found new courage and strength. Finally, there came a day when, frail though she still was, she climbed out of bed, wrapped a cloak about her and hurried excitedly to the shop.

"Charlie," she said, "from now on, I'm going to cook! And if you'll fix me a place where I can make some corn muffins, and broil steaks—and fry chickens—like Mother did, I believe people will come to eat with us."

Indulgent but apprehensive, Mr. McDonald agreed to let her help out at the counter, but insisted on hiring another assistant, a Gallatin widow named Mrs. Martha Thomas. He set up a stove, taken from his hardware stock, and built three tables, with chairs to match. And his wife set the vermilion-painted tables with crisp linen, tasteful china and shiny silver from their own home.

When the hot dog customers came in, Mrs. McDonald offered them samples of some corn muffins she had

made. And what corn muffins they were!

"But you can't eat them at the counter," she insisted. "You'll have to sit at the tables."

Such was the inauspicious beginning of the now-famous tea room. The official opening occurred one rainy afternoon in May, 1931. Faculty and students of the village school had been invited, and despite the bad weather, 21 guests showed up. They were served one of the best luncheons they'd ever eaten—and it cost only 25 cents apiece!

The news spread fast in a town like Gallatin. Traveling salesmen and other visitors to Gallatin heard about it from the villagers. Some of the salesmen insisted on being served dinner, too. Mrs. McDonald tried it, just on Monday nights, as an experiment. The dinners made such a hit that she had to start serving them every night.

Before long, however, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald made the shocking discovery that, although they had more business than they could handle, they were losing money.

"There's only one thing to do," declared Mrs. McDonald, "and that's to raise prices."

So they raised their prices—and lost their old customers. Out-of-town guests, who could afford to pay more, were slow in coming, and the financial situation grew more critical.

But somehow the McDonalds pulled through the crisis—even salvaging old flour sacks, sugar bags, vinegar jugs, and the like, to be resold for what few



pennies they would bring.

And at last the out-of-town patronage mounted. The red ink gave way to blue.

Now THE tea room is known the country over. Every leading hotel lists Mrs. McDonald's establishment as one to which travelers are directed.

The blue-book of American restaurants, Duncan Hines' *Adventures In Good Eating* gives her prominent treatment; and Hines himself once addressed the National Restaurant Association for 15 minutes on the sole subject of her tea room.

Cornell University recently requested some of her menus for use in a course on "American Foods and Food Habits."

Not long ago, Betty Crocker, radio home-economist, chose Mrs. McDonald's as the subject for the first of a series of 15-minute broadcasts on the most interesting places to eat in the United States.

And the public relations agent for

Mrs. McDonald's Corn Muffins

1 pint meal	2 whole eggs	½ pint sweet milk
1 pint <i>boiling</i> water	4 level teaspoons	1 tablespoon melted
1 teaspoon salt	baking powder	butter

Sift meal and salt; pour boiling water over same; add cold milk at once to keep from lumping; add eggs; beat well. Put in baking powder just before putting in oven, adding the melted butter last of all. Bake in a very hot oven, 475 to 500 degrees. I use oven-glass individual molds. Grease well with lard. Bake to a golden brown. This recipe makes 14 to 16 muffins. Take out of oven; split; put in a pat of butter and they will literally melt in your mouth.

Mrs. McDonald's Pan-Broiled Steak

Use an old-fashioned, long-handled frying pan; put on top of the stove and heat to a white, dry heat. Good steaks always have a lot of fat on them. Leave a good portion on the steak. Throw the steak in the hot pan and leave it until it is thoroughly seared and browned on one side. When it is ready it will come loose from the pan. Turn over and cook on the other side. How long it shall be cooked on this side will be determined by how you like your steak cooked. If rare, a minute will do; medium rare, a little longer; on down the line to well-done. Everyone should learn to eat a steak cooked no longer than medium at most, because the longer you cook it, the less tender it is, as naturally some of the juice will cook out. When the steak is cooked to the degree of doneness that you like, put it on a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, put a cube of butter and a piece of parsley and a radish rose on top of the steak. Now return to the pan in which you cooked the steak; put two or three tablespoons of hot water in this pan; scrape pan well; let sauce boil up well; pour over steak. The brown gravy is as good as the steak.

the Kansas City Public Service Company, in planning some chartered bus tours to nearby points of interest, has put Mrs. McDonald's at the head of his list.

Drive up to Mrs. McDonald's Tea Room today, and you'll find the wide-boarded front of the old smithy still intact but glistening with many coats of paint. To one side of the original structure, a capacious wing extends almost to the edge of "McDonald's Corner." The old ditch has been filled in, and the sidewalks have been hard-surfaced. A low stone wall encloses a grass plot in front of the new wing,

and green porch chairs stand invitingly beneath the windows. Grass and shrubs have replaced the weeds.

Mr. McDonald still dabbles in the hardware business, but likely as not you'll glimpse him somewhere on the grounds—mowing the lawn, pruning the rose bushes, or retouching the shutters with his paint brush. Only on Sundays does he stay in the tea room itself, acting as official greeter, so Mrs. McDonald can give her whole time to the preparation and service of the 250 customers frequently served at one sitting.

On a week-day, Mrs. McDonald—

now 53, silver-haired, but hefty and glad of it—greets you at the door of the tea room or from behind a counter where, aside from her other duties, she takes special pride in fashioning a salad to each customer's particular taste.

Ask her how she's accomplished it all, and she answers you quite matter-of-factly.

"Well," she says, thoughtfully, "my greatest asset has been my husband, Charlie, who, with his own hands, has built me such a beautiful place. He can work in wood, metal, paint, or upholstery—learned it all in his father's shop as a boy.

"And then," she continues, "there's my faithful staff. I did all the cooking at first; but later on, of course, I had to have more help. Particularly since I still have to rest from two to four hours daily. I taught Mrs. Thomas to cook exactly as my mother had taught me, and she helped train the other women I hired later."

BESIDES good cooks, Mrs. McDonald believes in having a corps of young, attractive waitresses, dressed in pretty uniforms—but preferably married and somewhat settled. She has no trouble getting them, either; in fact, she frequently receives letters from young women studying home economics who

want to come spend a while with her, just for the experience.

But the real secret, of course, is Mrs. McDonald's cooking.

She can't impart such a secret in a mere interview—but here are a few of her observations:

"Ever since I started my place, I've had my mind made up to buy and serve only the best of everything, and I've stayed with that determination, though it hasn't always been easy to do.

"For example, when a recipe calls for cream, I use cream, not milk. In fact, I put cream in mayonnaise dressing, in fruit salad, in scrambled eggs, and goodness knows what else!

"Always have everything spotlessly clean.

"Serve hot food hot, and cold food cold.

"Fix everything, even the simplest dish, as attractively as you can.

"If you're running a shop, make up your mind to work on Sundays and holidays; that's when the money's made. It's always better to start in a small way and work up, than to start in a big way and fail. Put your individuality into your shop. And that goes for decorations, what you serve, and the way you serve it. Don't try to do things like other people. Do them your way!"

Philosophy of the Famous

ALL GOVERNMENT—indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act—is founded on compromise and barter.

—EDMUND BURKE, *Speech on Conciliation with America*

The cattle roam and cowboys hold their own in the land of sunshine and grapefruit, deep in the heart of . . . Nope, guess again



Deep in the Heart of—Florida!

by WYATT BLASSINGAME

ACTUALLY, only a few people view the semi-annual rodeo day parade in Arcadia, Florida—for the simple reason that practically everyone takes part in it. Doctor, lawyer, Indian Chief—all, literally, ride in the parade. Not to mention the cowboys, cowgirls, merchants, clerks, filling station operators and their progeny. They ride on horses, steers, mules or goats.

"Ain't no need looking for that bronc now," one of the cattlemen said this past January, learning that a horse of his had been stolen. "It'll turn up in the parade next week." And he was probably right.

For the enthusiasm with which Florida's cattle country has plunged into the purely local, purely amateur Arcadia rodeo knows no bounds. Though privately financed, the show belongs to Florida and to her cattlemen. While it's on, almost anything

is likely to happen—as one grandiose dowager tourist once learned. She has probably never recovered from her surprise upon being roped by a parading cowboy, who gravely got off his horse, kissed her, took the rope from around her neck, got back on his horse, and as gravely departed without speaking.

But have I been saying *cowboys in Florida?* This may sound unnatural to the average American—even to the average Florida tourist. Aren't cattle supposed to be the exclusive property of the Wild West? Isn't Florida supposed to restrict itself to raising oranges, grapefruit and sunburn?

As a matter of fact, cattle roam more or less thickly over a majority of Florida's 58,666 square miles—although the heart of the state's industry may be considered to lie in the interior, between Fort Myers and West Palm Beach on the south, and

stretching northward past Kissimmee.

Exactly how many cattle roam these table-flat prairies is impossible to say. State Commissioner of Agriculture Mayo stated last January that there were more than 2,000,000 head of cattle in the state—which would place Florida in the first 11 cattle states and first in the southeast.

But unofficial figures rate Florida even higher up the scale. Back in the trackless scrub pine and palmetto thickets of the middle of the state, taxes rate with rattlesnakes, ticks and rustlers as unpopular items to be avoided if possible. County agents will swear the state contains twice the registered number of cattle. And Fog-horn Stonebreaker, who does the announcing for the Arcadia rodeo, claims Florida is the third greatest cattle raising state in the Union.

If so, it is a status bloodily arrived at in a revolution undergone by the Florida cattle industry in the last 15 years. One of the first phases of that revolution was the war against the cattle tick. Getting rid of the tick meant slaughtering thousands of the small Florida deer which carried it. It meant fencing and dipping vats; and where wild cattle could not be brought into the vats, they too were slaughtered by armed bands of cowboys hunting anything that carried the tick. And finally, tick elimination meant new and heavier breeds of cattle.

Cattle had first come to Florida with the Spanish *conquistadores*, and until recently roamed wild on the Florida ranges—big-horned, scrawny,

savage. The ranges, the roads too, were free to anybody's cow and a man had only to put his brand on a calf to mark him. Today, fully 80 per cent of Florida cattle do their ranging behind barbed wire. But when big owners first began to fence off the better grasslands, this section of the sunshine state gave birth to as bloody and desperate range wars as were ever spawned by New York writers of wild west fiction. Any oldtimer can tell stories of cowboys who fought it out with guns and knives, man against man, ranch against ranch, bands of small owners against the paid cowhands of the wealthier Florida cattle raisers.

Oldtimers will tell of a night when several members of a single family were killed, some fighting on one

An unjust murder charge and the year when the depression was "at its most depressed" led to the writing career of Wyatt Blassingame of Demopolis, Alabama, the United States at large and an island off the west coast of Florida. The wander bug bit him when he was very young and as a result he's hoboed inside and out of this country. A year on an Alabama newspaper, two on a teaching fellowship at the University of Alabama and back he went to thumbing rides on freight-trains—till he was hauled off and accused of a murder which he didn't commit. He wound up at his brother's in New York, where "any way of earning money seemed worthwhile, even writing for it." Now he lives in Florida with his wife and baby named April.





side, some on the other, depending on who had hired them.

Cowboys still die as a result of range wars, but on the whole, peace and steady progress prevail. Ten years ago there were only 25,000 acres of improved grass land in Florida; today there are 500,000! Ten years ago there were only 250 purebred bulls in Florida; today there are more than 10,000. Where the average steer weighed about 345 pounds 10 years ago, today he weighs twice that much. And where a decade ago Florida was importing most of her really edible beef, today she is shipping meat that is beginning to compete with the western product.

Out of this growth and reorganization of the cattle industry has grown the Florida rodeo. There are at least four annual rodeos in Florida; but the Arcadia rodeo is the only all-Florida show and is the result of both luck and youthful impetuosity.

ONE NIGHT IN 1938 Bill Welles, the son of one of DeSoto County's largest cattle owners, and his friend Gerald Taylor were driving home after taking part in a rodeo at Myakka City, some 20 miles to the west of Arcadia.

"We ought to put on a rodeo of our own," Bill Welles said. "We

could use our own cattle. It ought to be fun."

Twenty-one days later they put on their rodeo. In those 21 days they had built a half-mile track, an arena with chutes, catch pens, and corrals for the stock, and a few bleachers. They didn't expect to need many. There was no money to get the highly paid members of the Cowboys Turtle Association, the union of professional rodeo performers, and these men could not have attended anyway as this was a strictly spontaneous get-together, not given under any rules prescribed by the Rodeo Association of America.

But the Florida cowboys, finding they did not have to compete against professionals who worked on horses trained to nothing but arena conditions, took part with a cheer. And the people of Arcadia, witnessing for the first time a rodeo in which their friends and relatives all had fair chances of drawing down prize money, took an equal interest in the proceedings. They closed the town to attend, and they whooped it up in tones that reverberated from Big Cypress Swamp to Holopaw and from Lake Okeechobee to Wauchula.

"We realized right then that we had something," Bill Welles says,

"and that we'd be fools to change it."

There is little difference between one rodeo and another, except the amount of personal interest the spectators can take in the performers, and the element of danger. The Aradia rodeo furnishes both in quantity.

I had seen other rodeos where the average number of injuries was much smaller. I asked Bill Welles why.

"Because these boys are not only trying for the prize money, which isn't any great amount—Paul Stokes, last year's champion, won \$105 plus the championship belt buckle, plus a saddle; the most money ever won by one contestant—but they are just stubborn enough not to want that bull or horse to get the best of them. You see how those bulldoggers go hell for leather after a steer that's got away, even when the time limit's up? That's just because they're not going to let the damn thing win over them."

There are frequently members of the audience, and sometimes old cowhands from the chutes, who find they can no longer contain themselves and insist on giving impromptu exhibitions. An army officer who said he hailed from Texas wanted to ride a bucking bronc last January. They put him on one and opened the gate. That was the last contact between the officer and the bronc. The photographer swore he changed flashbulbs three times before the officer hit the ground.

The few professionals who have tried to worm their way into this local amateur show have had little success.

Take the case of the bookie who came up from Miami to take the cowboy's money.

There is plenty of betting on the races which follow the rodeo, but usually it is pretty informal. You say to the man on your right, "I'll bet you a dollar on that brown mare," and he says, "All right. I'll take that little hoss of old Tom Smith's." And then the two of you put up the money with the man on your left. Or you may work out a bet of one horse against the field if you can get the proper odds.

The Miami bookie, offering two to one against any of the six horses in each race, did all right in the first two events, when it was chiefly tourist money that he was taking. Then word got around among the cowhands and the natives that there was a fellow here who would give two to one against anything. What the bookie didn't know and the cowboys did was that they had already raced these same horses over the range whenever the impulse moved them. In a few races the cowmen had taken \$1,200 from the bookie. Realizing that enough was enough, he went back to the tracks in Miami a wiser man.

THESE RACES are something to watch. Until last year the only rule which governed on the sharply turned half-mile track was, "Git there first!" The rider was free to hold another back, beat him or his horse in the face with the switch, or simply crowd him through the rail if the opportunity presented itself. Only last year a jockey

turning into the stretch on top felt his saddle girth break. Grabbing the horse around the neck, he reached back and got the saddle and flung it in front of the following horses, coming on in to win bareback.

And the oddest fact was that he had even started the race with a saddle! A good 70 per cent of the horses are ridden bareback.

Since last year, however, when three horses fell on the far turn and a couple of the kids were hurt, the judges disqualify an entry if they decide something is *too raw*.

The boys who ride these for-blood races bareback and barefooted average 12 and 13 years of age. Sons of ranchers and cowboys, they are tough enough. They have to be tough to live to take part in the racing. Several events in the rodeo feature boys from five to 15 riding bucking calves. By the time those boys are 17 they are taking part in the adult events. Bill Welles' four-year-old son was bucked off a horse, got up, said loudly, "Damn horse bucked me off!" He insisted on being put back on the same horse—and rode him!

If you want to know where the cowboys in the Florida rodeos come from, that's the answer.

"I doubt if there were two pairs of highheeled boots in DeSoto County when we put on the first rodeo," Bill Welles says. "Now everybody has got to have a new pair, a new Stetson, and a new shirt before each show."

Bill Welles is 25 now, and has managed every one of the Arcadia All-Florida Rodeos. He walks with a limp as result of infantile paralysis when a child. On one occasion Welles broke his neck, riding in one of the rodeo races. He was coming down the home stretch out in front when a woman with a child decided to cross to the other side of the track.

"I couldn't stay on the horse and stop in time so I jumped off, held the reins, and prayed. The horse stopped all right, but it cracked one of the vertebrae in my neck."

When they carried him back to the rooming house where he was staying the landlady wouldn't let him in.

"If he's that drunk," she said, "you can just carry him right on away from here."

Verbal Venom

IN THE OLD DAYS of parliamentary government in France, there was a member of the *Chambre des Députés* who had been a veterinary before he became a radical politician. One day, during a bitter debate, an aristocratic Conservative who was being worsted in the argument descended to personal remarks.

"Is it true, my good man," he inquired sneeringly, "that you are actually a veterinary?"

"It is, sir," said the radical. "Are you ill?"

—FROM *I Wish I'd Said That!* (SIMON AND SCHUSTER)

Bookette:

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND

by George Sessions Perry



SAM TUCKER, true inheritor of the pioneer heart, is an inspiration to every one of us today, tomorrow and always. For his is the freedom of the human spirit, his the soul-saving laughter, his the wholehearted determination to whip disaster that is always America's in times of danger.

JOHN R.
FISCHETTI



Hold Autumn in Your Hand

THE TEXAS JANUARY day was all blue and gold and barely crisp. Sam Tucker walked along the road, his long legs functioning automatically, farmerly. He was on his way to see a man named Ruston about a matter of extreme importance and his mind and imagination were crowded with possibilities: how it would be if Ruston said yes, and what were the best ways to get him to say it.

Ruston was a big landowner who worked paid labor. He was not, like some of the others, known as an especially bad man to work for. He paid trifling wages because it was customary and because a man working in a cotton field is not doing a very valuable thing.

And now as Sam walked along the road toward the commissary, he carefully reviewed the alternatives.

Ruston had one farm of 3,000 acres, which meant, of course, that it was a nation, with its own government (Ruston and his overseers), coinage (wages were paid in metal tokens redeemable at the commissary), and civilization.

Though there was no privacy in the camps, it was pleasant hanging around the blacksmith shop with the others on rainy days or playing dominoes in one of the shacks. On Sunday there were ball games.

But finally, whose crop was it? Not yours.

It was like deciding to have a child and the law said you had to apply to the overseer, which you did, and he happened to be agreeable and said, "O.K., I'll herd the boys right over to your wife and y'all can get busy gettin' it started."

So Sam was sure he wanted no

by George Sessions Perry

part of the anonymous civilization of Ruston's 3,000 acres.

Fifteen miles from the 3,000, Ruston owned 68 acres in the San Pedro bottoms. Forty acres are supposed to be the maximum one-team family crop of cotton and corn, but somehow Sam had never been as sure of anything as that he was a match for those 68 acres of hillside and bottom. Besides, Sam was a river man, and he had been three years away from the river.

Six bits was what Ruston paid, every God's day you went to the field. And if Nona went too, say, drove a cultivator or a planter or hoed, that was four bits more.

But first something had to be taken away from Ruston: his belief that you were of sand caliber, because you had worked there. No one would know better than Ruston that the sand attracts people who have not much to give. Because the sand farms easily, with jack-rabbit mules and a Georgia stock. Yet in the end it crushes your spirit with its bland refusal to give what it does not possess. For it is the loose, incipient mother of nubbins and stunted cotton, and that is all.

Sam went over to Ruston on the commissary steps and said, "Mr. Ruston, my name's Sam Tucker. I want to go to work for you."

"I'll have to study about that," Ruston said, looking Sam over.

"I been figgerin' out how you could save a lot of truck wear and tear, and worrisomeness for yourself,

if you'd just let me move onto your little San Pedro place and work it."

"House ain't any good and you'd have to borrow water because the well's fell in."

"I've done looked it over and know that. But I still want to, anyhow."

"Who'd keep your time?"

"I would, and when you drove by every week or so, you'd know whether a week's work had been done just by lookin'."

Ruston was still sizing Sam up . . . If this fellow could take over the little farm, which, with its special problems and inconvenient location, was a nuisance, it would be a good thing and would leave him free to concentrate on the big farm.

"Look. Here's what I'll do. I'll take you on a day-to-day basis. By that I mean the first time I come over and don't like the looks of things, I'll fire you and not feel the least bit bad about it."

Sam grinned. All he had to do to hold the little place was what he'd never dreamed of not doing: just farm hell out of it. So easily had the coveted empire of 68 black acres and its ribbon of river fallen into his hands. How firmly and benevolently he would hold it and guide its surging potentialities, its spectacular usefulness! The 68 acres were a wild stallion to be tamed, where the sand had been a spavined old mare that would eat your courage and drink your own vitality and lay back down.

"That's a good trade," Sam said.

Hold Autumn in Your Hand

"If you let me have about three dollars a month credit against my first money, me and my folks could kinda scratch along till spring."

"No, sir. Our arrangement is day-to-day. The money starts when the plowing starts. I don't want you all to pick up and leave with your bellies full of my unpaid-for groceries. But go over there," Ruston said, pointing toward the wooden counter, "and get a dollar's worth of what you need. Always give a new family a dollar's worth. Just a habit of mine. Well, our trade's made."

And Sam sure liked that man.

Liking and figuring, he went over to the counter.

A box of .22 hulls for the old gun so he could varmint-hunt for pelts for cash and meat to eat.

Seventeen cents.

The commissary cornmeal was four cents a pound in bulk and Sam knew where he could get fresh-ground yellow for two cents, but this was white and a gift. He got 12 pounds.

48 cents plus 17 made 65. All that meal he had, and 50 hunting bullets.

He got two pounds of lard at 15 cents a pound. Your belly gets lonesome for grease when there isn't any, and you know there's strength in it and satisfaction when it enriches cornpone.

Now there was a nickel left, and a war began between that mixed candy and a nickel's worth of coffee. But the candy won when he thought of the suffocating excitement in the kids'

eyes, of everybody nibbling a piece, including Granny and Nona, and all of them impressed by what a good provider Papa was. Before leaving, however, he got the man to take back one pound of meal in exchange for a fifth of a pound of coffee.

Then he started down the road, and stole a piece of candy out of the sack on the way, a very small one.

Chapter 2

AN HOUR after Sam had arrived home with the news, they had cooked and eaten, and loaded their belongings into a borrowed wagon. And another plot of another man's ground which had drunk Sam's sweat was left behind them.

As he drove, Sam said to Nona, who was sitting beside him, "I hope you ain't goin' to be too much disappointed in the house."

"You said it wasn't nothin' extra."

"Reckon it is, though. It's pretty extra bad."

"I'd kinda hoped we could have a room to ourselves," Nona said. "I think lots o' times Granny ain't sleepin' when she lets on to be."

"We can have, when summer comes. Put her and the kids in that old room with the gappy wall. Or us. And have ever'thing real nice. There's some people got a house 'bout a hundred yards from ounr. The front of their land runs right up to the back



by George Sessions Perry

of ours, and their well is the one we'll use."

As they came in sight of the new place, Sam pointed it out and said, "Look at that land."

"She's black, all right!" Granny cried. "Come a good rain, you'd bog plum up to your particklers. But hit don't differ. We're black-land folks now and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Nona's eyes just saw land that would be hard to farm, and she thought of the incalculable effort a 68-acre, black-land crop would demand from this brood, most of all from the slender, half-fed man beside her.

Actually the house was not habitable. The wind had carried off the shingles in patches. In the absence of panes, boards had been nailed over the windows.

"We'll have a dab of house patchin' to do, all right," Sam said encouragingly, knowing as he said it, knowing Nona knew, that it would never be done, that nomads never raise orchards. There would never be time to mend this ancient coop. Besides, why do it for the next fellow?

And then they were there, turning into the bare yard, the wagon coming to a grotesque stop, and all of them saw where somebody had defiled this miserable house by letting dung on the front porch. It was a sight, on top of everything else, that curled into you, clawing like the smell of old tires burning, and Granny said, "I

ain't gettin' out. Whoever done it on the gallery had the right idea. Hit ain't a house, nor even a good crib."

Sam knew these words were true, but he also knew that this truth was an enemy to the survival of his family, that it wasn't the truth now that was wanted, but courage.

The old woman was getting on Sam's nerves despite the natural defenses of his system, through which he had become able to hear a smaller proportion of her babble each year. But now she was wrecking the spirit of the group. He planned to let her remain where she was in the back of the wagon, as long as she cared to stay.

Daisy and Jot, the children, had gathered armfuls of sticks, and while Sam started the fire for coffee, Nona went out of the house and broke off a switch. Then she climbed into the wagon.

"Don't you come a-shakin' no muskeet switch at me," Granny said. "Sam Tucker ain't a takin' me an' my sweet chilren to live in no such slew-footed privy as this. An' if there was any manhood in 'im . . ."

"You can't talk to him like that," Nona said. "He's got all he can bear. No use tellin' you, cause you don't hear other folks' talk. But you're gonna understand me. Ever time you talk mean to him, it's gonna be the same."

And Nona began switching the old woman's legs, driving her into the end of the wagon, where, in order to keep

Hold Autumn in Your Hand

out of harm's way the most recently struck portions of her body, she turned round and round like a roast on a spit, the while raising each foot in turn high and fast, as a reflex initiated by her switch-stung thighs.

"Help!" she was screaming. "Come save me, Sammy boy! She's a-clubbin' me to death! Run, Sam! Bring the gun!"

When she ran past Nona to the back of the wagon, Nona laid the switch smartly, repeatedly, on her buttocks. By the time Granny was in a position to jump from the wagon, Sam was there and caught her.

This was the first time in his 38 years that Sam had ever seen Granny sufficiently surprised or intimidated to be not only speechless but soundless, for in any family dispute she had always been able at least to weep and moan and appear mistreated. Nona, poor tired drudging gnome, had had that much imagination that she could take a switch to that towering old ego which for 70-odd years had waged tireless, voluble warfare on anyone presuming to be her equal.

As the good coffee went down his throat, Sam couldn't help thinking: "Her butt's stingin' this very minute and she ain't sayin' a word."

It was sublime. He tried to keep from smiling, but it was useless.

"This is really going to be a year to remember," he thought. "Just broke herself off a switch and went to work."

"Hold on a minute," Sam said.

"We're a-going to have a blessin' . . . Much obliged, God. I believe we're goin' to make the grade. Amen."

Everybody, including Sam, was a little shocked at this sudden, spontaneous religious impulse.

In quiet hunger they ate.

Chapter 3



BOGGING along the river bank next morning, Sam saw a red boat turning in an eddy of the stream, and with a pole captured it. Evidently it was wrenched from its mooring somewhere up the river. He noticed two smooth sticks protruding over the seat that might be the handles of something so necessary to his life that he dared not hope it might be that. And he lifted it up and, by God, that was what it was! A minnow seine. And when it continued to unroll, each turn of the handles alive with suspense, he knew it was a 20-footer, and saw there were but three perfectly patchable holes in it.

If the owner inquired for the boat, he might take it, but God had given Sam the seine, and he meant to keep it. He would tell the boat man so, it could be called salvage fee.

Of the four fish that he took before noon, there were two 12-pounders, and a baby of six, and another which Sam knew would weigh 18 pounds, but which his pride called 21.

Sam thought of Henry Devers, his

by George Sessions Perry

neighbor, whom as yet he had not met but must depend on for water, and decided to give him the six-pound fish. One of the 12's would last his own family a couple of days, and the other two he would sell in town.

He started home, leaving a 12-pounder there, Nona proud, and Granny in a frenzy of lip-smacking excitement. He took the six-pounder to Henry Devers's and called hello.

The man who came out was tall. His clothes were dry and his eyes were set close together. He was chewing.

"I'm your next-door neighbor," Sam said. "I thought you might want this little fish. He ain't much, but would make a real fine soup."

"You mean do I want to buy him?"

"Oh, no," Sam said, laughing, but embarrassed. "He's not hardly a good give-away fish."

After a second of thinking, Henry Devers said, "All right. If you haven't got any use for him, we'll take him."

The son of a bitch wouldn't accept it as a neighborly gift, but was making it seem like he was doing you a favor.

"I guess my wife'll be over here before long wanting to borrow water," Sam said, now having to try hard.

"It's all right, long as there's plenty of water," Devers said. "This summer you may have to make some other arrangements. Gets pretty low in dry weather. We'll take time about on the rope wearin' out."

Sam's eyes looked at the worn-out thing now run through the well-pulley, felt himself getting angry, and

knew he'd better go.

His own house smelt marvelously of baking fish. He was glad to be there and away from his neighbor.

"I left my net out," Sam said. "I'm goin to try to catch some more this afternoon and sell 'em in town. I'll buy groceries with it and leave 'em at the store, at Brandon and Neely's and Daisy can haul 'em home on the bus. I'm going hunting. I'll be home a-fore it's time to do any plowin', which'll be the first good dry spell of weather."

"This afternoon you're leavin'?" Nona asked.

"Yes."

She carried Granny's chair and some blankets out on the porch. Then she hung another blanket over the wide-cracked wall between the porch and room and said, "Take Jot out and wrapup and sit with him a while."

"It's too cold," Granny said. "Sides, it looks like to me . . ."

Nona went quietly to the mesquite bush outside and broke a switch, but when she got back Granny and Jot were on the front porch.

Chapter 4

FARMING HAD BEGUN. Each hour the bright, rough area of new-plowed land grew larger, and that part which was still unawakened decreased.

It was the thing that was happening to Jot that was taking the sap out



Hold Autumn in Your Hand

of them all. Hardly had the weather turned off fine, and the tools come, when a little sore appeared in the corner of Jot's mouth. In every other way he seemed healthy, but the little sore came, and spread until it was the size of his hand and was still spreading. All of every day Nona had been watching it spread, knowing there was no reason for it, that Jot had not been sick, but that the sore had simply come and spread and was going to possess him.

Finally Nona said, "Sam, we got to get him to town for doctoring."

Dr. White was an old man who still appeared to have the leathery, physical toughness of a ranch hand, and was always full of a kind of nervous impatience. He looked as if he had taken an uncommon amount of weatherbeating in his life, and could take a great deal more.

The doctor didn't look at Jot. He looked at Sam. Just now, he didn't bother with Jot's temperature or pulse or when did his bowels move.

"You don't have a cow, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Raise a heifer for somebody. Meantime, borrow milk. I don't care where you live, some neighbor will let you have enough for this child. At least a pint a day. Much better, a quart."

"You got any money at all?"

"Yes, sir; 60 cents."

"Go spend it on some vegetables," Dr. White said. "Get some lemons and give the baby a glass of lemonade twice a day."

The nervous impatience returned to the old man and lifted him out of the chair.

"That's all," he said. "Let's go."

Late that afternoon Sam went over to the Hewitt's, where he found the old man dressing a home-made ax handle with a rasp. Sam told him what the doctor had said.

"I haven't come beggin' and I haven't come borrowin'," Sam said. "If you could let me have a little pan o' milk every day, I'd keep track of it like it was money, and work it out."

"I don't reckon we'd have any trouble about that," the old man said. "We got it for the chickens most of the time, anyway."

Sam squatted against the barn while the old man went on working.

"It may seem funny," Sam said, "me comin' to you like this for milk when my next-door neighbor's got six cows and you ain't got but two, but we're already usin' out of his well and he don't like that none too much."

"Glad you came to me," the old man said. "First place, he probably wouldn't of let you had it."

"What's wrong with that sucker?" Sam asked, perplexed.

"Sometimes I've wondered if maybe it ain't cause he ain't got no confidence in hisself nor nobody else," the old man said. "He's the worst scared feller of not gettin' his share I ever saw. He's what you'd call a mean, jealous-hearted son of a bitch."

The old man put down his work.

"You had any experience with

by George Sessions Perry

idiots?" he asked Sam.

Sam followed him to a stall where there were a brown cow and a scrawny little calf. About both of them there was an air of melancholy resignation.

"That calf," the old man said, "ain't even got sense enough to suck. Ain't somethin' done about it mighty quick, it's gonna die. If you want to undertake to raise it for me, take 'em both. If you raise that calf, you'll more'n repay me for what milk you get out of the cow. If you don't, I'm gonna knock it in the head. I ain't got time to be runnin' no lunatic asylum for addle-headed calves."

"I sure thank you," Sam said. "I know the kids'll make a heap over this here runty calf, and Nona too."

When Sam came up to the house, the family was in the yard, standing in awe before him.

While Sam milked Brownie and Zoonie barked at her, the children tied a bright rag around the calf's neck and named it Snookums. The cow they named Uncle Walter, after a favorite relative.

When Sam held the calf's nose to choke the warm milk down its throat, the others held their breaths.

The feeding was a success.

Chapter 5

IT RAINED, and Sam and the mules rested. He sat and talked with the family, listened to Granny's endless



chatter, and helped Nona in the impossible job of trying to keep Jot's face clean. Snookums, having no choice in the matter, was thriving. Uncle Walter was giving a gallon and a half of milk every day.

Young Finley came by one day and said to Sam, "Let's go set out some lines."

It was while they were walking along the bank beside the long hole that they saw something that stopped their hearts beating. A catfish of the most gigantic proportions floated to the top for a moment, and then with a gentle, undulant motion of his great tail went back down.

They looked at each other.

"Why, that bugger was bigger than a hog!" Sam said. "His ole nose whiskers was the size of a lead pencil."

Marveling, they walked on home. The fish was bigger than any either of them had ever seen, a bigger fish than either of them had ever supposed might exist in the San Pedro.

And now in their little world there was a new being, an incredible monster, one to scheme against on sleepless nights. For to whoever caught Lead Pencil fame would be assured. His capture would make a legend that would be told whenever the San Pedro men sat around a fire at night waiting to run their lines. Whoever caught that fish would sell only the carcass. The feat of catching him would be non-transferable. Or if it happened when you had money, you could give a fish fry that would in

Hold Autumn in Your Hand

itself make history.

They promised each other not to tell a soul about the presence of this monster in the long pool below the rapids.

At noon the next day, while Sam was drawing water at the well, Henry Devers came out.

"That your boat down in the big hole?" he asked.

"Sorter, I guess. It came floatin' down the river on that big rise."

"Then it tain't yours at all."

"Tis till its folks come for it."

"Done anything 'bout locatin' 'em?"

"I told three or four there in town. It'll get around."

"You ort to of advertised."

Sam began to realize Henry had been brooding about the boat.

"I got to find Finley today. Ain't seen him around, have you?"

"Not since last night," Henry said. "You can count on me to tell Ferdy Whiff. He'll be glad to help you find the right folks."

Not since last night....

So that flappy-mouth had been with Henry last night telling him about the Lead Pencil, and Henry was trying to get rid of the boat at once, before it could be used in fishing for the big fish. If Henry was going to fish from the bank, he wanted you to also, despite the fact that both the boat and Lead Pencil were your own discoveries. Finley had told their secret for a mess of momentary awe.

"I got to go," Sam said. "Nona's waiting for her water."

"Dinner," Nona said, when he came in.

They sat down to peppered beans with lard and garlic in them, and they were strengthening and good. And as Sam sat there eating, a strange, shocking notion came to him from nowhere.

"I love Nona," he realized: "and not for just what work I c'n get out of her."

And while his jaws chewed, he sat there thinking about his feeling for her, comprehending that his love for her was so stable that it was almost transparent and neutral, like an extra covering of cellophane that you hardly ever noticed; but it was there.

Chapter 6

THE DAYS grew hot; from the house at noon you could see the shimmer of heat waves dancing over the fields.

None of Sam's immediate neighbors had crops as bold, as brave as his. Their land was the same, but he was getting more of himself into his crops.

He could arrange things so that the life impulse in the corn might become drunk on growth. But for Jot, who lay in the hot bed the whole day through, he could do nothing. You could try. You could bring him milk when it was fresh and clean, before the flies got to it. He'd drink a little, but it did no good.

His suffering, his crying, his slow,

by George Sessions Perry

visible disintegration into a corpse, were breaking your heart, beating your spirit into dust. But the doctor had said there was nothing to do.

One day Nona said, "There's a preacher holdin' a meetin' up the river they say can cure stuff."

"I don't know," Sam said. "There may not be nothin' to it. Sometimes I've wondered if that ain't just for folks like us. Don't know nothin', ain't got nothin'. For folks there ain't no cure for nohow. Just somethin' to try, like."

"I'll tell you somethin'," Nona said. "That night you stuck the cow, I prayed. I knew you didn't know what you were doin' an' I prayed."

"You figger that's what done it?"

"I don't know, Sam. But sometimes it seems like there's nelly got to be a Jesus. Things get so hard you can't stand 'em, an' just keep on gettin' worse."

That night they went to the meeting and the preacher prayed over Jot, who wept miserably the whole time. Then he laid hands upon the child and pronounced him cured. Jot did not stop crying. They caught a ride home with some people in a truck.

The next day the child could eat nothing, but vomited at intervals, and when they touched his forehead, it was fiery hot.

"Take him back to the doctor," Nona said. "You got to."

Feeling abandoned by his God, that the baby would die on the road,

Sam obeyed.

"It's awful late to save that child," Dr. White said.

"Thank God," Sam thought, "he didn't say too late."

"That baby's going to get some doctoring," the old man said. "They've got a new medicine called nicotinic acid. Drug store just got it in this week. It's supposed to cure what Jot's got. If it's not too late. . . ."

For a moment longer Dr. White sat there looking in keyed-up blankness at the wall. Then he said, "I was a hunting man like you, Sam, a river man. I've always known everybody. The country people. The poor. They were my folks. This same trouble Jot's got has carried lots of 'em away. Your boy has been starving to death. By the time you could furnish him a good diet, he couldn't handle it. We'll feed him in his veins. I mean I will. And try the nicotinic acid. If it works, it'll mean more to me than when I killed my first deer."

The days that followed were the kind in which everything else stops.

Only a miracle will save the baby now, so you hope for that, trying in every way to placate the gods. When you start to the cow pen in the morning, it suddenly occurs to you that the gods might have a preference regarding which path you take. You carefully wait for an inkling of that wish and feel that you get it. You choose the lower one. So it is when you go to take a match out of the box. You feel you must look at all of them until

Hold Autumn in Your Hand

one appears to be the one you should take. And if that match doesn't strike the first time, it may seem to you a terrible omen.

At last a whole month has elapsed since the first dose of nicotinic acid, and one day, while Granny is washing him in the dishpan, the baby stands on his tiptoes and out of sheer high spirits, out of the exciting joy of new health, wets forcefully, floodingly, in Granny's astonished face, then flies out of the house shrieking his accomplishment for all to hear.

And a lump comes in everybody's throat, even that of poor Granny, before this triumph of life over death. The days of terror are over.

Chapter 7



ONE DAY as the fields began slowly to be starred with white locks of cotton, Sam was in the lower field, when the school bus stopped at the crossroads. Daisy had been to a meeting at the Hackberry public school, which as yet had not opened for the fall term. The County Home Demonstration Agent had summoned all the rural children in the district.

"What they tell you at the meetin'?" Sam asked.

"What's been wrong with Jot and all the rest of us every spring. What Granpa and Aunt Nettie died of. Said it was pellagra."

Thereupon, remembering hard,

Daisy told him all the symptoms, how it began by skin sores brought out by the spring sun, that it was caused by living on cornbread, salt pork, and molasses throughout the winter. And this year the school was putting on a campaign to persuade its country patrons to balance their diet for the coming winter. They were to raise fall garden and put it up in jars for the winter.

"Well, Sister, your daddy ain't never goin' to let you nor Jot nor Mamma ever have no more spring sickness. We're gonna garden while the gardenin's good, and come by them glass jars somehow."

For a moment Sam stood there, still benumbed by the shocking simplicity of mastering a lifelong dread.

That night he discussed it with Nona.

"I spec them jars'll be pretty high," Nona said. "I know we'll have our pickin' money, but nobody's got any good shoes 'sides me and we ought to have two sets of long drawers apiece to make the winter on."

"Just have to manage, I guess," Sam said. "What's bothering me is getting the garden land broke. Would two acres seem crazy?"

"I'll break it," Nona said. It was marvelous the way she assented, as if before the will of God. Who else had a woman like that?

"Tween us," Sam said proudly, affectionately, "we get a lot done."

Three days later the garden was ready for planting. Then Ruston came.

by George Sessions Perry

"Sam," he said, "I been thinking about that bottom cotton. We got to snatch it out of there before the weather gets bad. I'll send a truck-load of hands, and the truck can haul the cotton. I'll leave the hill cotton for you and your wife to pick, and when that's done you can come to the big place and go on picking."

And the next day they came. There were some white people in the truck, and a few Mexicans, but most of them were Negroes, and the Negroes were the music.

This was the season of festival, when there were money and work and others of your kind working all about you. And there was still a tribal thing in your blood which said that in numbers, in hot, loud numbers, there were well-being and relaxation and joy.

Sixty hands. A bale picked every two hours. Four bales by two o'clock. That was when it began raining.

Sam didn't like it. This was a bad time for a rain to come. Fortunately it began slowly, with no wind, and the cotton had a chance to become thoroughly drenched, to reinforce its position in the boll with wetness, so that it would not be knocked out on the ground.

When Ruston's foreman saw the rain was something more than a shower, he loaded the last bale of picked cotton onto the truck and the Negroes on top of it and hauled them away.

It rained all night and when morn-

ing came it still fell, evenly, the leaks still splattering on the sodden floor.

Late that afternoon the river started up into the sloughs, and Sam netted a whopping buffalo. But they ate it soberly, without jollification. The river was rising. The bottoms were lavish with cotton. Except to pick, it was not theirs, but they were cotton people, and knew what every pound of it had taken out of some man and some mule. No matter what the market said it was worth, they knew.

Now you waited for the ground to dry, to pick what was left of your own hill cotton, the little that the rain had not rotted in the boll—and to plant your garden, because it alone must stand you through the winter. It and your wits and courage. For when the last of the cotton was picked, your job was over. You had served your term of usefulness to Ruston. You might stay, rent free, in that worse than makeshift house. But the crop was made and you were on your own.

After Sam settled up with Ruston, he and Nona held council. The two pairs of long underwear for each of the family had to be bought. That was absolutely the cheapest way to make winter clothes out of summer ones. Daisy had to have a pair of stout shoes for school. The rest could also do without stockings, but Daisy ought to have some cotton ones for cold weather: all this and food and garden seeds and plants had to come out of \$8.40. This would be the last real money they would see.

Hold Autumn in Your Hand

"What about the jars?" Nona asked.

"We'll have to get 'em some other way," Sam said. "I'll do some work for somebody."

"If we had money to spend, we ought to buy a new skillet," Nona said. "There's a hole come in the old one, but I use it tiltin' and don't waste much grease."

A kind of sickness came over Sam.

"God, we're pore," he said. "Sometimes I forget."

The things were bought and stored and Sam began planting. Nona helped. In a week it was done. And it was still September. There need be no frost until late November. If the yield was good, no reasonable number of fruit jars could hold it.

Already the cabbage plants and onion sets had taken hold and were growing. In no time now the whole patch would be striped with young plants pushing out of the earth. While Sam and Nona were out looking at the garden, she said, "Henry Devers wants to see you. The well rope broke."

Sam felt a flush of anger. But he went to Henry's house and called, "Hello."

Henry came out.

"Well," Henry said, with a strange, half-suppressed belligerency, "it broke."

Sam looked at the threadbare rope.

"I believe I can splice it in and we could take out this wore-outest part."

"That wasn't our trade," Henry said. "We said when it was wore out,

you'd get a new one."

"Henry, I ain't got any money."

"That ain't none of my business. You owe me a well rope and I want it."

"Would you take a gallon of home-made sirup in place of it?"

"Sirup won't draw no water."

"I'll see what I can do," Sam said, looking into Henry's eyes, no longer trying to hide from Henry the fact that he was beneath contempt—"I'll take my sirup to town and swap it for a rope. But you don't have to put up with nothin' from me. All you got to do any time is just hop on me. I'm a man hates neighbor-fightin', but you've 'bout got me lookin' forward to the time when you pull that little ole pocket knife out in the open."

On the following day Sam traded two gallons of sirup to the hardware man in town for a well rope. He strung it through Henry's pulley, but he was sick at being swindled.

Chapter 8

WHEN THE garden rows were pale green with young plants, Henry Devers's cows had got out in the night, and what their patient, hungry muzzles had missed their splayed feet crushed. The garden lay in total ruin.

In utter desolation Sam drove the cows home and called Henry.

Henry was at a loss to know what



by George Sessions Perry

tone to take. Though his stock had unquestionably done this damage, he hesitated to say he was sorry. To do so might seem a confession of guilt and responsibility which would be held against him.

Finally Henry said, "There's still plenty of time to replant."

"I ain't got money to buy any more seeds and stuff."

"That's sure too bad."

"You don't want to make it good?"

"I'm hard up too," Henry said. "After all, I never turned 'em out. This is what the law calls an act of God. And for that matter, you've more than been paid in well water for what your seed cost. Everybody expects to pay for water, 'less they got their own."

In an exhausted way, Sam thought of knocking Henry's teeth out, but realized he was not angry, that despair left no room for anger.

As he walked home, he knew that this was the end of the garden dream, the dream he'd had of holding autumn in his hand throughout the winter. His money and his seed were spent. Nor had he any means of getting more. By the time he looked for work, which he'd be long in finding, and earned money for the seeds, it would be too late.

"Don't you figger there's still time to replant?" Nona asked.

"If we had the seeds and plants," Sam said. "Only I don't see no way."

"I got five pairs of new drawers wrapped up in a paper," Nona said.

"That leaves us one pair apiece for the winter. You can take them others back to the store and trade 'em for seed."

Sam looked at her.

"We got to have drawers," he said.

"Freeze if we don't."

"I don't see no choice," Nona said. "When we quit clawin' after somethin' to eat, we might as well give up. We don't never have no real choice."

"I guess that's right," Sam said, feeling a surge of pride in himself and Nona.

Rains fell at lucky times on this second planting, and Nona spent most of her days weeding, staking, pruning. The result was the inevitable one when, under these conditions, good seed comes to rest in fertile earth. It was a thrilling picture to behold.

Daisy was inexpressibly excited because the teacher had promised a blue ribbon to each child who could persuade its parents to preserve a hundred jars of garden vegetables. This ribbon, her father assured her, was now practically pinned on her dress.

In the meantime the mule pasture had been cleared, and the jars bought and paid for. At last things were in hand, and Sam was going fishing in the two or three days before the canning should start. Within this period he meant to do one thing: catch old Lead Pencil. The signs were right, he had the time and some new ideas.

Hold Autumn in Your Hand

That night Henry's cows ate absolutely all of Sam's garden. Pigs rooted up the tiny potatoes and carrots that were underground. But at daylight only their tracks were there. The stock had been returned to its pens. When the family stood with Sam at the back door next morning seeing this devastation, Sam said what he had often said before, "Try not fret. We'll make out."

Daisy did not come to breakfast. When they heard her under the house, Sam said, "Don't disturb her. We'll each bear this in our own way."

THIS WAS Thursday. On Wednesday Sam had seen Henry bait his fishing hole with corn. He knew Henry would go there Sunday morning. That would be time enough. Henry would be off his own farm, which, Sam seemed to remember, was an important legal point.

He was going to the river and thrash Henry Devers till he screamed, and after. But without hate, in despair and loneliness and utter dejection. He was going to follow out a pattern that had no meaning to him. He was going to do it now when it was too late, because he knew nothing else to do.

But as he passed his trot line he saw it moving slowly, up and down. Only a powerful force could have pulled it so evenly. Totally without joy, he knew he had caught Lead Pencil, and the emptiness of this great feat, the desolation of this hour, when

he should have been exultant, squeezed his heart like a strong hand gripping.

Mechanically he performed what should have been the highest adventure of his life. A few minutes later the big fish was tethered by the boat rope to a thick willow sapling that would bend but never break.

That done, Sam went on down the river.

As he appeared quietly beside Henry, Henry jumped.

"What have you got to say, Henry?"

"About what?"

"Your stock."

Henry's tone changed abruptly.

"I'm tired of your naggin' and whinin', Sam Tucker."

"I never came to nag and whine. I came here to whip you, Henry."

This seemed to release a spring in Henry that had been quietly winding tighter and tighter.

From the newspaper beside him he snatched a butcher knife. Without a word, his face blue-white with the hate of fear, he ran at Sam, who scrambled up the bank, straight through a tangle of brier vines.

Henry was fast. Through the openings Sam was making in the vines, Henry was drawing closer.

Sam felt something hot rip across his back. The touch of the blade filled him with terror.

At the same time his right eye saw a four-foot length of green elm limb lying in the weeds just ahead.

Then he saw that Henry had caught

by George Sessions Perry

his leg in a vine and fallen on the ground, 10 feet back. He was on all fours, pulling the knife blade out of the ground.

Quickly, Sam moved in.

Henry was fixed with horror, unable to move. His hand went limp. The butcher knife fell to the ground.

"Please, Sam. I got a family. They need me to work. My kids would starve."

He shut his eyes tightly, covered his face with one arm, the back of his head with the other.

"Please. Oh, God, please! I don't want to die. I don't want to be hammered to pieces with no club."

As Sam came within clubbing range, Henry was whimpering in gasps like a badly hurt dog.

Sam picked up the butcher knife and threw it in the river.

"Get up, Henry," he said. "Now walk out in the middle of that open field."

When they got there, Sam made Henry hand over his pocket knife, then threw it and the club away.

"Henry," he said, "I've tried every peaceable way I know of to get along with you. It hasn't worked. Now I'm goin' to whip you. You've been dirtyin' me up, you son of a bitch, ever since I came here. You been buildin' up a meanness in me all that time and now I'm gonna turn it loose on you."

The running, the blood dripping down Sam's back, had done something to him. His hot body was eager

to get at Henry.

Suddenly it dawned on Sam that Henry, whom he had just given a stout kick, was lying motionless on the ground.

"I got somethin' to say to you, Henry, if you've got your wits together."

Again Henry only groaned.

"We done had our little spat," Sam said. "But that's all over now. For my part, there's no hard feelin's left over. I ain't goin' to crow about lickin' you. Ain't gonna tell a soul. But there's somethin' I want to ask you. You turned your stock in on my garden. They ruined it and I ain't demandin' damages."

"I guess not," Henry said. "You done done 'em."

"What I mean is, you got that great big garden over there, and your neighbor's got his tail in a crack. You saw the shape my little boy got in this spring. Well, you've fixed it so he'll be in it again. I know no man would be that mean on purpose after stopping to think. You was mad when you done it, but you've had time to cool off by now. Looks like any human would say, 'Go on over there, Sam, and get what you need. There's a plenty for both of us.'"

Henry had his answer ready.

"I would," he said, "if we could spare it. I planted a garden that size because we needed that much stuff our ownselfs."

Sam could see it was hopeless. To break the spell of jelled futility, he

Hold Autumn in Your Hand

said, "Get up. Let's go. You got some places on your head needs doctorin'."

At the sapling Sam pulled his fish out of the water.

"Say!" Henry said. "That's the biggest fish I ever saw. If he won't go 60 pounds, he won't weigh nothin'."

"I figgered 65."

A strange nervousness was beginning to possess Henry.

"Sam, I been tryin' to catch me a big fish all my life."

"So's a lot of folks."

"Look, Sam. Let's do this. You give me that fish and swear never to tell you caught it. If you'll do that, you can get anything you want out of my garden. You can have it all."

For a moment Sam stood there.

The honor, the distinction, of catching this fish meant that his name, in conjunction with Lead Pencil's, would become a legend and would live when he was dead. It was the climax of his lifelong association with the river and would never come again. It would make him a big man in the eyes of anybody who had ever fished in the San Pedro.

He thought of the blue ribbon on Daisy's breast. He remembered the wrinkled, dusty-purple spots on Jot's body.

Never in their association had Henry been so genuinely pathetic to Sam, so futilely groping. Never before had Sam so clearly realized that Henry was willing to try to hide from his own lostness behind a set of appear-

ances which he himself knew were false.

And Sam was ashamed to have looked upon this pitiable thing in its moment of utter nakedness.

He held out the fish.

THAT AFTERNOON, like locusts, or even the Devers' cows, Sam and his family began at one end of Henry Devers' garden and came out the other. They could hear Henry in the house trying to quiet his wife.

Since the materials with which they were working were perishable, Sam and Nona washed and peeled and cooked and canned throughout the night. When Daisy awoke, one hundred-odd jars had been filled. Nona fed the children and sent Daisy to school, then rejoined Sam at the stove.

After supper that night, the whole family sat around the fireplace in genuine contentment, their minds full of the canned vegetables which the children's schooling had brought them.

The lamp, beside which Daisy sat on sleepy exhibition, shone strongly on the blue-and-gold ribbon.

In her chair, Nona slept.

"Better go to bed, Honey," he said. "There's always another day."

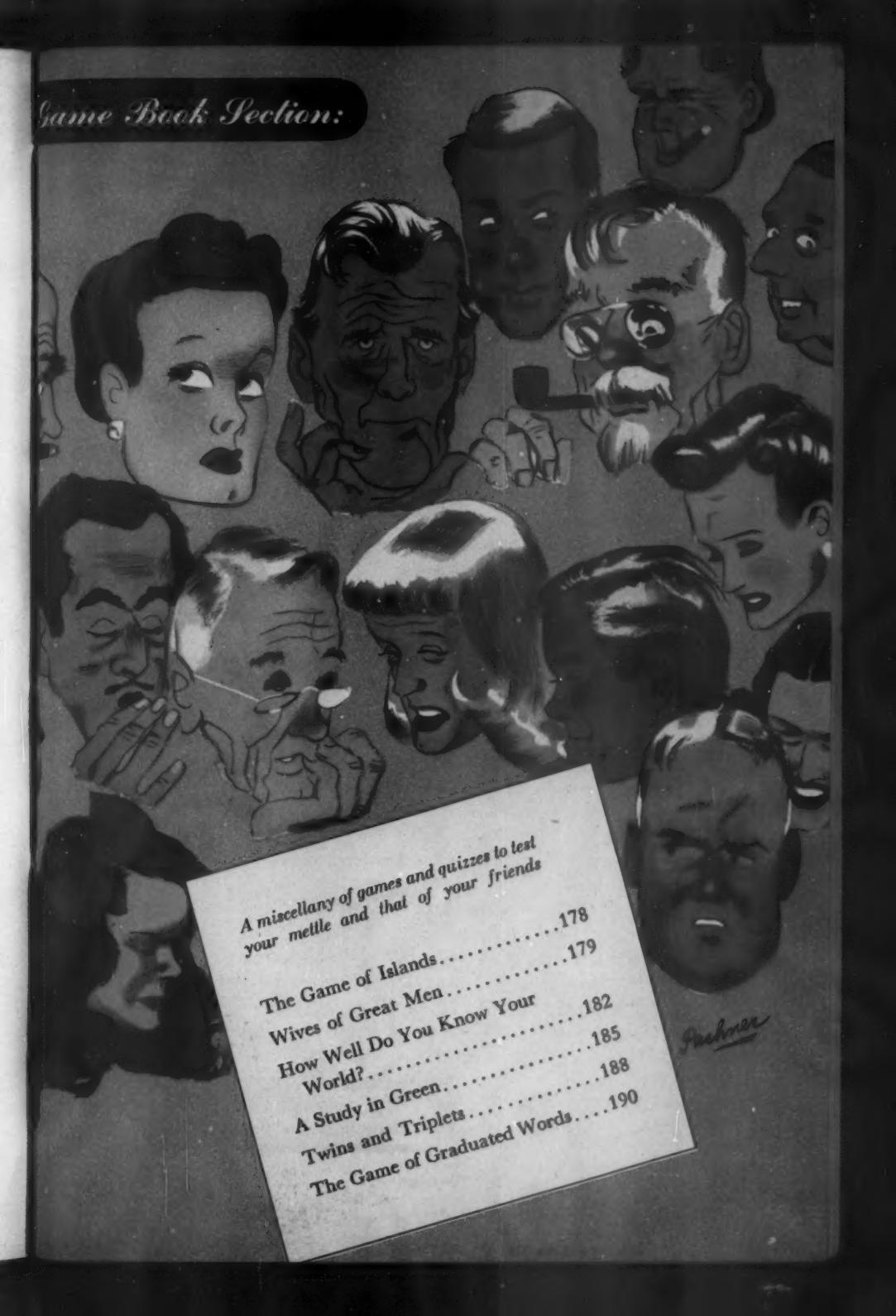
She smiled, exhausted.

"I'm tard," she said. "Almost too tard to move."

Her eyes fell on the sea of preserved food, the ribbon.

"But it don't differ," she said, "long as we're gettin' somewhere."

Game Book Section:

A black and white illustration showing a dense crowd of various people's faces, mostly men, looking down at a book. The faces are rendered with different expressions and styles, creating a busy, textured background.

A miscellany of games and quizzes to test
your mettle and that of your friends

The Game of Islands.....	178
Wives of Great Men.....	179
How Well Do You Know Your World?.....	182
A Study in Green.....	185
Twins and Triplets.....	188
The Game of Graduated Words.....	190

Anshner

The Game of Islands

Below are outlines of 10 islands, all of which you would easily recognize—
if originally. Trouble is, we've deliberately confused the issue, first by
varying the scale to which they are drawn, and secondly by tipping them
every which way. To compensate, though, we've listed names of 12 islands,
among which you'll find all 10, at the bottom of this page. Pay for the course
is seven (no one yet has got them *all* right). Answers are on page 181.



Cuba
England-Scotland
Java
Manhattan

Japan
Singapore
Iceland
Guam

Iceland
Greenland
Crete
Australia

*Try your hand at matching these 50 famous men
with their spouses. Note to quiz-addicts: what
God hath joined together let no man put asunder*



Wives of Great Men

HERE'S YOUR chance to be a match-maker on an international scale: Fifty well-known benedicts, real or fictional, are listed. You are asked to match them up with their wives, from the three names given.

Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 64 or over is fair; 74 or more good and over 86 excellent.
Answers on page 184.

1. George Washington

- (a) Hepzibah
- (b) Thelma
- (c) Martha

2. Menelaus

- (a) Dido
- (b) Helen
- (c) Octavia

3. Jack Dempsey

- (a) Mabel
- (b) Hannah
- (c) Clara

4. William Shakespeare

- (a) Juliet
- (b) Ann
- (c) Bass

5. King Arthur

- (a) Elaine
- (b) Lisbeth
- (c) Guinevere

6. Guthrie McClintic

- (a) Katharine
- (b) Ina
- (c) Marlene

7. Prince Albert

- (a) Elizabeth
- (b) Victoria
- (c) Regina

8. Abraham Lincoln

- (a) Ann
- (b) Mary
- (c) Dolly

9. Socrates

- (a) Clytemnestra
- (b) Electra
- (c) Xantippe

10. Jupiter

- (a) Juno
- (b) Europa
- (c) Venus

11. Pierre Curie

- (a) Marie
- (b) Eve
- (c) Yvonne

12. Peter the Great
 (a) Christina
 (b) Catherine
 (c) Nadya
 13. Wendell Willkie
 (a) Jane
 (b) Lina
 (c) Edith
 14. Eddie Cantor
 (a) Ida
 (b) Mollie
 (c) Esther
 15. Andre Kostelanetz
 (a) Rose
 (b) Lily
 (c) Daisy
 16. Fibber McGee
 (a) Myrtle
 (b) Molly
 (c) Audrey
 17. Calvin Coolidge
 (a) Grace
 (b) Marion
 (c) Ethel
 18. King Ferdinand
 (a) Marguerita
 (b) Carmen
 (c) Isabella
 19. Abraham
 (a) Sarah
 (b) Rebecca
 (c) Ruth
 20. Lawrence Olivier
 (a) Joan
 (b) Olivia
 (c) Vivien
 21. Pluto
 (a) Proserpine
 (b) Ceres
 (c) Diana
 22. James Madison
 (a) Marilyn
 (b) Dolly
 (c) Rachel
 23. Napoleon Bonaparte
 (a) Marie-Louise
 (b) Eugenie
 (c) Du Barry
 24. Alexander Korda
 (a) Marian
 (b) Merle
 (c) Judy
 25. Jake Goldberg
 (a) Molly
 (b) Rose
 (c) Barbara
 26. Richard Wagner
 (a) Cosima
 (b) Isolde
 (c) Lotte
 27. Max de Winter
 (a) Maxine
 (b) Rosalie
 (c) Rebecca
 28. David Copperfield
 (a) Emma
 (b) Dora
 (c) Nell
 29. Ernest Hemingway
 (a) Maria
 (b) Jessica
 (c) Martha
 30. Tyrone Power
 (a) Annabella
 (b) Hedy
 (c) Irene
 31. Franklin Roosevelt, Jr.
 (a) Ethel
 (b) Janice
 (c) Gloria
 32. Alfred Lunt
 (a) Kitty
 (b) Lucia
 (c) Lynn

33. Duke of Windsor
 (a) Lydia
 (b) Wallis
 (c) Simone

34. Chiang Kai-shek
 (a) Ting Ling
 (b) Cho-cho San
 (c) Mayling

35. Erskine Caldwell
 (a) Margaret
 (b) Virginia
 (c) Georgia

36. John Alden
 (a) Barbara
 (b) Priscilla
 (c) Alice

37. Robert Browning
 (a) Annabel
 (b) Charlotte
 (c) Elizabeth

38. Diego Rivera
 (a) Lupe
 (b) Frida
 (c) Dolores

39. Dan Topping
 (a) Tilly
 (b) Rita
 (c) Sonja

40. Maximilian of Mexico
 (a) Carlotta
 (b) Astrid
 (c) Josephine

41. Petruccio
 (a) Kate
 (b) Jane
 (c) Sophie

42. Boaz
 (a) Naomi
 (b) Hepzibah
 (c) Ruth

43. Prince Berthold
 (a) Julianna
 (b) Antoinette
 (c) Rose

44. Oliva Dionne
 (a) Flora
 (b) Elzire
 (c) Roxanne

45. Charles MacArthur
 (a) Helen
 (b) Frances
 (c) Bessie

46. Leland Hayward
 (a) Terry
 (b) Ruth
 (c) Margaret

47. George Burns
 (a) Gracie
 (b) Hilda
 (c) Gladys

48. Ivanhoe
 (a) Leila
 (b) Rowena
 (c) Marianne

49. John Kelly
 (a) Gerry
 (b) Brenda
 (c) Susan

50. Pat di Cicco
 (a) Inez
 (b) Elaine
 (c) Gloria

Answers to "The Game of Islands"

A. Ireland	C. Greenland	E. Iceland	G. Australia	I. Cuba
B. England-Scotland	D. Crete	F. Guam	H. Singapore	J. Manhattan



Whether you live in Toledo or Timbuctoo this quiz designed to test your geographical what's-where quotient will prove maps can be most confusing!

How Well Do You Know Your World?

SINCE President Roosevelt's speech in which he requested people to use their maps in order to follow his ideas, Americans have been digging out their grammar school geographies, borrowing their children's and buying maps by the carload (See *Mapmakers at War* in the June Coronet.)

Have you profited from this map-mindedness? You think you have, at any rate. But here's a quiz especially designed to show you how much or little you know about your neighbors the world over.

Count two points for each question, except the last, which is a bonus question and counts 10 points. A score of 72 points is excellent, 60 is good and 42 is fair. Answers are on page 187.

1. Which city is closest to the Panama Canal?
(a) Los Angeles

- (b) New York
(c) Honolulu
2. the largest ocean in the world, in square miles, is
(a) the Atlantic
(b) the Pacific
(c) the Indian
3. The language chiefly spoken in Brazil is
(a) Spanish
(b) Brazilian
(c) Portuguese
4. Cape Horn is located at the southern tip of
(a) South America
(b) Africa
(c) India
5. True or false—Canada is larger than the United States in square miles
6. The country or countries bordering Mexico on the south is or are
(a) Panama
(b) Nicaragua

(c) Guatemala and British Honduras

7. The four main bodies of water bordering Africa are
(a) Atlantic, Red Sea, Mediterranean Sea, Indian Ocean
(b) Pacific Ocean, Red Sea, Caribbean Sea, Mediterranean Sea
(c) Atlantic Ocean, Adriatic Sea, Mediterranean Sea, Indian Ocean

8. Which of the following languages has more speakers than any other?
(a) Arabic
(b) Hindustani
(c) Chinese

9. The number of languages spoken in the world today is approximately
(a) 170
(b) 1700
(c) 2700

10. Which city is closest to Yokohama, Japan by air
(a) Minneapolis, Minnesota
(b) San Francisco, California
(c) Los Angeles, California

11. The Solomon Islands are located in the
(a) Indian Ocean
(b) Pacific Ocean
(c) South Atlantic

12. In which country are the following eight cities located (each part of this question counts 2 points)
(a) Wellington (e) Brindisi
(b) Cadiz (f) Sofia
(c) Saigon (g) Soerabaja
(d) Zagreb (h) Viipuri

13. Honduras is located in

(a) Africa
(b) Central America
(c) South America

14. The capital of India is
(a) Bombay
(b) New Delhi
(c) Calcutta

15. The temperature of Darwin, Australia is
(a) always mild
(b) always hot
(c) hot in summer—cool in winter

16. Dutch Harbor is a base in
(a) Australia
(b) Java
(c) Alaska

17. The number of countries in Central America is
(a) Three
(b) Five
(c) Seven

18. The capital of Canada is
(a) Montreal
(b) Ottawa
(c) Quebec

19. The Bering Sea is located off the coast of
(a) Italy
(b) Alaska
(c) Greenland

20. Identify each of the countries associated with the following monetary units (Each question counts two points)
(a) Drachma
(b) Rupee
(c) Zloty
(d) Guilder
(e) Milreis

21. Salvador is the name of
(a) an island in the Caribbean
(b) a country in South America

(c) a country in Central America

22. The temperature of Tokyo is
 (a) always mild
 (b) hot in summer—cold in winter
 (c) always hot

23. The Aleutian Islands belong to
 (a) Russia
 (b) the United States
 (c) Japan

24. True or false—Alaska is twice the size of Texas in square miles

25. The number of Provinces in Canada is
 (a) eight
 (b) nine
 (c) ten

26. Identify the capitals of the following countries (each question counts two points)
 (a) Egypt (e) Denmark
 (b) Argentina (f) Peru
 (c) Sweden (g) Australia
 (d) Turkey (h) Iraq

27. The Falkland Islands are located off the coast of
 (a) Africa
 (b) Australia
 (c) South America

28. In three minutes name the 10 countries and three colonies in South America (This is a bonus question and counts 10 points)

Answers to "Wives of Great Men"

1. Martha	18. Isabella of Spain	35. Margaret Bourke-White
2. Helen	19. Sarah	36. Priscilla
3. Hannah Williams	20. Vivien Leigh	37. Elizabeth Barrett
4. Ann Hathaway	21. Proserpine	38. Frida
5. Guinevere	22. Dolly Madison	39. Sonja Henie
6. Katharine Cornell	23. Marie-Louise of Austria	40. Carlotta of Mexico
7. Victoria of England	24. Merle Oberon	41. Kate
8. Mary Todd	25. Molly	42. Ruth
9. Xantippe	26. Cosima Liszt	43. Julianna of Holland
10. Juno	27. Rebecca	44. Elzire Dionne
11. Marie Curie	28. Dora	45. Helen Hayes
12. Catherine	29. Martha Gellhorn	46. Margaret Sullavan
13. Edith Willkie	30. Annabella	47. Gracie Allen
14. Ida Cantor	31. Ethel duPont	48. Rowena
15. Lily Pons	32. Lynn Fontanne	49. Brenda Frazier
16. Molly	33. Wallis Simpson	50. Gloria Vanderbilt
17. Grace Coolidge	34. Mayling Soong	

You might be seeing red after this quiz, but it'll put your grey matter in the pink of condition and keep you away from the blues



A Study in Green

DO YOUR FRIENDS label you a green hand as an answer man? Or, are you bubbling over with knowledge, fresh from a college green? Well, let us see. You earn four points for each correct answer in this green-lined quiz. A group of professional men averaged 60 points out of a possible 100, while a veteran follower of radio quizzes brain-celled his way through to a 68. Can you do as well? Answers are on page 189.

1. A speaker, referring to "The Green Isle," is talking of:

Ireland Iceland
Bermuda Cuba

2. Paris green is a powder widely used as:

a cosmetic
a sugar substitute
an explosive
an insecticide

3. *The Green Goddess*, the successful

melodrama with its setting in the Himalayas, first staged more than 20 years ago, was written by:

W. Somerset Maugham
Rudyard Kipling
William Archer
Lord Dunsany

4. In looking at a rainbow, you would see the green part of the arch between these two colors:

indigo and blue
yellow and orange
blue and yellow
orange and red

5. Credit for describing jealousy as the "green-eyed monster" goes to:
the Bible Chaucer
Shakespeare Dickens

6. The greengage is noted as a kind of:
plum grape
apple pear

7. Readers of sports pages will recognize "The Green Wave" as the nickname for:

Duke University
 University of Chicago
 Tulane University
 Stanford University

8. Of course you saw *How Green Was My Valley*, prize-winning moving picture of 1941, but did you observe that it was a product of one of these studios?
 Paramount Columbia
 20th Century-Fox MGM

9. In the current series of regular postage stamps issued by the United States, one of these values is printed in green:
 1c (George Washington)
 2c (John Adams)
 1½c (Martha Washington)
 3c (Thomas Jefferson)

10. Your nursery reading should help you to remember Little Tommy Green. His place in Mother Goose history is secure because he:
 kissed the girls and
 made them cry
 put poor Pussy Cat in the well
 sat in the corner,
 eating his Christmas pie
 went to bed with his trousers on

11. Green is the school color for one of the following:
 University of Notre Dame
 Fordham University
 Vassar College
 Dartmouth College

12. Can you identify the famous writer of detective stories among these authors:
 Fitzhugh Green
 Anne Green
 Julian Green
 Anna Katharine Green

13. A greenhorn, an inexperienced person who is easily fooled, is represented here by three synonyms. Which one means something else?
 dupe longhead
 gudgeon simple Simon

14. One of these is known as the "Evergreen State":
 Washington California
 Florida South Carolina

15. If you saw or read *The Green Pastures*, one of the great and most beloved plays of our time, you will surely recall the scene in heaven which shows a company of angels attending:
 a clambake a beefsteak fry
 a barbecue a fish fry

16. Gretna Green, a little village in southern Scotland, is popularly associated with:
 Lady Godiva
 the Magna Carta
 eloping couples
 freakish weather

17. One of these American cities is famous to tourists for the many green benches on its sidewalks:
 San Luis Obispo, Cal.
 New Orleans, La.
 St. Petersburg, Fla.
 Charleston, S. C.

18. Owing to a remarkable strip of bright green water along the Arabian coast, the name "Green Sea" is used often for the:
 Mediterranean Sea Red Sea
 Arabian Sea Persian Gulf

19. His name originally was Dikran Kuyumjian, but you know him better as Michael Arlen, the famous author of:

Green Grow the Lilacs
 The Green Hat
 The Green Bay Tree
 Green Mansions
 20. Greenland, more than 800,000 square miles, has a population of:
 17,000 77,000
 244,000 804,000
 21. To hit a golf ball out of a sand trap onto the green, a player would properly use one of these clubs:
 a brassie a niblick
 a putter a spoon
 22. "Long Green" is good American slang for:
 paper money

a billiard table
 a baseball field
 Indian summer
 23. You are most likely to find one of these persons in a greenroom:
 a gambler an actor
 a horticulturist an optician
 24. The bright, green-hued emerald is accepted in modern usage as the birthstone of a person born in:
 March October
 May December
 25. The name "Green Mountain boys" is used frequently to identify the inhabitants of:
 Massachusetts Vermont
 New Hampshire Connecticut

Answers to "How Well Do You Know Your World?"

1. New York City
2. The Pacific Ocean
3. Portuguese
4. South America
5. True, Canada is larger
6. Guatemala and British Honduras
7. Atlantic, Red Sea, Mediterranean Sea, Indian Ocean
8. Chinese
9. 2700 languages
10. Minneapolis, Minnesota
11. Pacific Ocean
12. (a) New Zealand (e) Italy
 (b) Spain (f) Bulgaria
 (c) Indo-China (g) East Indies
 (d) Yugoslavia (h) Finland
13. Central America
14. New Delhi
15. always hot
16. Alaska
17. Seven countries in Central America
18. Ottawa is the capital
19. Alaska
20. (a) Greece
 (b) India
 (c) Poland
 (d) Netherlands
 (e) Brazil
21. a country in South America
22. hot in summer—cold in winter
23. the United States
24. True, Alaska is twice the size of Texas
25. nine
26. (a) Cairo (e) Copenhagen
 (b) Buenos Aires (f) Peru
 (c) Stockholm (g) Australia
 (d) Ankara (h) Iraq
27. Australia
28. Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, British Guiana, Chile, Colombia, Dutch Guiana, Ecuador, French Guiana, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela



In twosomes and threesomes come these famous names and phrases. We've yanked them apart. It's up to you to put them together

Twins and Triplets

SOME PEOPLE cannot do without each other; through life and death they are inseparable. Their names are forever linked together—except in this quiz. Here they are divided and it's up to you to unite them once more. For example, you never think of Adam without Eve; you always associate Abélard with Héloïse.

There are some expressions that are also indivisible: ham cannot do without eggs; corned beef is nothing without cabbage; "stop" is followed by "look and listen."

In this quiz, names of people are twinned; expressions come in triplicate. The first half of the pair of names is given—let's see you come up with the second half. The first third of the triplets is furnished; you

match it with its component parts. A score of 88 is excellent; 80 is good; 72 points is fair. Count two points for each question you answer correctly. However, don't give yourself any points if you get only part of a "Triplet" answer. . . . For instance, "Stop, "look," must be followed by "listen" in order to be scored. Answers will be found on page 192.

Twins

1. Damon and
2. Samson and
3. Lum and
4. David and
5. Gilbert and
6. Ruth and
7. Jack and
8. Scylla and

- 9. Sacco and
- 10. Stanley and
- 11. Abbott and
- 12. Antony and
- 13. Priscilla and
- 14. Amos and
- 15. Josephine and
- 16. Myrt and
- 17. Paris and
- 18. Tristram and
- 19. Perseus and
- 20. Launcelot and
- 21. Gallagher and
- 22. Cortez and
- 23. Potash and
- 24. Dante and
- 25. Pelléas and
- 29. Love,
- 30. Life,
- 31. I came,
- 32. A loaf of bread,
- 33. Faith,
- 34. Free,
- 35. Tall,
- 36. Blood,
- 37. Wind,
- 38. The butcher,
- 39. Animal,
- 40. Eat,
- 41. Athos,
- 42. Winken,
- 43. Hart,
- 44. Ships,
- 45. Neither fish,
- 46. Fifty-four,
- 47. The lame,
- 48. Friends,
- 49. A rag,
- 50. Atchison,

Triplets

- 26. Hear no evil,
- 27. Tom,
- 28. High,



Answers to "Study in Green"

1. Ireland, so called from its brilliant verdure.
2. An insecticide.
3. William Archer.
4. Blue and yellow.
5. Shakespeare, in *Othello*.
6. The greengage is a variety of roundish plum of excellent flavor and greenish-yellow color.
7. Tulane University.
8. Twentieth Century-Fox.
9. The one-cent stamp.
10. He put poor Pussy Cat in the well.
11. Dartmouth College.
12. Anna Katharine Green.
13. Longhead, a shrewd person.
14. Washington.
15. A fish fry.
16. Eloping couples. The usefulness of the village for this purpose has been lessened as the result of a marriage law requiring residence in Scotland.
17. St. Petersburg, Fla.
18. Persian Gulf.
19. The Green Hat.
20. 17,000.
21. A niblick.
22. Paper money.
23. An actor. A greenroom is the waiting room for actors and actresses in a theater.
24. May.
25. Vermont.



From POOR to RICH usually means a lifetime of hard work. However, in this tricky little word-game, it's merely a matter of 8 quick moves

The Game of Graduated Words

IN ONE FORM or another, anagrams have always provided a popular game for parties. There's something magic about words—and the urge to twist and turn them about is one hard to deny. Just mention a game of words and out come the pencils.

Well, all right. This is a game of words.

Pencils ready? The object is to change one word into another, changing only one letter at a time. Number of "moves" is specified as par in each case, and space is provided to write them into the book, if you so desire. Otherwise, just use scrap paper.

For example, suppose you were

confronted with a problem like this:

0. From THIS to THAT

(Par: 3 moves)

THIS

— — —

THAT

The answer? Easy:

THIS

THIN (changes S to N)

THAN (changes I to A)

THAT

Just to keep things simple, we're prohibiting plurals, proper names and contractions. You should be able to complete all 12 in about one hour. Answers are on page 193.

1. From COLD to WARM

(Par: 4 moves)

COLD

WARM

2. From WET to DRY

(Par: 5 moves)

WET

DRY

3. From POOR to RICH

(Par: 8 moves)

POOR

RICH

4. From APE to MAN

(Par: 8 moves)

APE

MAN

5. From SICK to WELL

(Par: 6 moves)

SICK

WELL

6. From RIDE to WALK

(Par: 5 moves)

RIDE

WALK

7. From ONE to TWO

(Par: 8 moves)

ONE

TWO

8. From OLD to NEW

(Par: 8 moves)

OLD

NEW

9. From EASY to HARD

(Par: 5 moves)

E A S Y

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

HARD

11. From PRINT to WRITE

(Par: 13 moves)

P R I N T

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

- - - - -

W R I T E

Answers to "Twins and Triplets"

Twins:

1. Pythias; 2. Delilah; 3. Abner;
4. Goliath; 5. Sullivan; 6. Naomi;
7. Jill; 8. Charybdis; 9. Vanzetti; 10. Livingstone; 11. Costello; 12. Cleopatra; 13. John Alden.

14. Andy; 15. Napoleon; 16. Marge; 17. Helen of Troy; 18. Isolde; 19. Andromeda; 20. Elaine or Guinevere; 21. Shean; 22. Pizarro; 23. Perlmutter; 24. Beatrice; 25. Mélisande. **Triplets:**

26. see no evil, speak no evil; 27. Dick and Harry; 28. wide and handsome; 29. honor and obey; 30. liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

10. From HEAD to FOOT

(Par: 5 moves)

H E A D

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

FOOT

12. From TOWN to CITY

(Par: 12 moves)

T O W N

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

- - - -

C I T Y

31. I saw, I conquered; 32. a jug of wine and thou; 33. hope and charity; 34. white and twenty-one; 35. dark and handsome; 36. Sweat and Tears; 37. Sand and Stars.

38. the baker, the candlestick maker; 39. vegetable or mineral; 40. drink and be merry; 41. Porthos and Aramis; 42. Blinken and Nod; 43. Schaffner and Marx.

44. and shoes and sealing wax; 45. flesh nor fowl; 46. forty or fight; 47. the halt and the blind; 48. Romans and countrymen; 49. a bone and a hank of hair; 50. Topeka and Santa Fe.

Answers to "The Game of Graduated Words"

1. COLD	lick	TALK	TOE	BARD	THICK
CORD	LICE	TALL	TOO	HARD	TRICK
CARD	RICE	TELL	TWO		TRICE
WARD	RICH	WELL			TRITE
WARM					WRITE
	4. APE	6. RIDE	8. OLD		
	ADE	RILE	ODD	BOAT	12. TOWN
2. WET	ADD	TILE	ADD	BOOT	GOWN
PET	AID	TALE	AID	FOOT	GOON
PAT	AIR	TALK	BID		
PAY	FIR	WALK	BED	PRINT	COOL
PRY	FAR		FED	PAINT	POOL
DRY	FAN	7. ONE	FEW	SAINT	POLL
	MAN	OWE	NEW	STINT	POLE
3. POOR		OWL		STINK	PILE
BOOR	5. SICK	OIL	9. EASY	STANK	BILE
BOOK	SACK	TIL	EASE	SHANK	BITE
LOOK	TACK	TIE	BASE	THANK	CITE
LOCK			BARE	THINK	CITY



Part Time Profits

In past months, a very substantial number of men and women from nearly all walks of life have made welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Representing Coronet in your community or your neighborhood provides a simple and dignified means of securing extra pleasures which you might otherwise be unable to afford. At the same time, too, this extra-income activity has another less monetary reward—the knowledge that you will be introducing others to Coronet's illuminating and entertaining editorial content. Probably there are enough prospective Coronet readers in your own circle of friends to give you a handsome return, since the remuneration is more than generous. If you are interested in joining the rapidly growing number of men and women who are thus securing extra-income profits by acting as part-time Coronet Representatives in their communities, you need only write to Richard Harrington, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Promptly upon receipt of your request, all necessary particulars will be forwarded to you.

**Results of
Balloting on
Project #21**

Following are the results of voting on Project No. 21 (War Subjects in Coronet articles and stories). Returns, incidentally, were much heavier than usual:

- a. Extensively carry articles and stories with a war slant—16%.
- b. Hold to the same proportion as in recent issues—61%.
- c. Keep articles and stories on the war to a minimum—23%.

Those voting for A felt we all should be constantly reminded we are in this war up to the hilt; there-

fore Coronet should do its bit to help drive this idea home.

You who voted B (*status quo*) agreed no one should be an ostrich about the war—but, at the same time you felt Coronet was already nicely balanced supplementing newspapers yet with ample escape interest.

Voters for C prefer to avoid war talk altogether in magazines. Newspapers for war news, they say—and Coronet for pure entertainment all of the time.

But fair is fair, and we'll abide by the majority of votes. Coronet, as always, will continue varied.

WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #21

For the best letters on Project No. 21, first prize has been awarded to Sgt. Robert A. Hesler, Las Vegas, Nevada; second prize to Lt. Howard E. Reilly, Camp Robinson, Arkansas; and third prize to A/C Joseph E. Flaherty, Moffett Field, Cal.

The Coronet Dividend Coupon

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 19

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I may receive the gatefold, *Burial at Sea*, as my free August reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

- Sidelights on Soldiering: by Corp. Robert Greenhalgh (enclose 10c)
- Burial at Sea: Painting by Anton Otto Fischer (no charge)
- Swing Song: Color Photograph by Glenn Embree (enclose 10c)

Name.....

(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL.)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Note: Reprints may be ordered only on this coupon—valid to August 25, 1942

Should Children Be Brought into a World at War?

An Opinion by Somerset Maugham, world-famous English novelist, author of *Of Human Bondage*

SHOULD young married couples postpone having children until after the war? That's like asking whether you should postpone life. The answer is that you can't—not successfully.

It is a law of nature that it is physically harmful to a woman to forego the bearing of children. That it leaves her spiritually uncompleted. That the best time for child-bearing and child-rearing is the time of youth. That all passion spends itself in relatively few years and the sooner children are born the sooner a sound basis for an enduring marriage will be set up.



Unfortunately, it is impossible to repeal these laws "for the duration." It is best to obey them if you can. Above all, it is foolish unnecessarily to stop normal existence just because there is something abnormal going on. That only contributes further to the abnormality.

And suppose that the husband does go to war? Will it not be less lonely for the wife if she has a child at home than if she has not? And besides, don't forget that the production of young democrats is, in its way, just as vital to the future of the world as the production of guns and tanks.

Do You Agree or Disagree? Prizes for Best Letters!

With this issue, Coronet inaugurates a new feature: The Coronet Round Table. Monthly, we will present some highly controversial question, answered either pro or con by some highly respected man or woman. This month, for example, Somerset Maugham gives his opinion on the timely question: Should children be brought into a world at war? Now here is where you come in. For the best letter (not to exceed 200 words) agreeing or disagreeing with this opinion, we will pay \$25. For second best, \$15. Third best, \$5. Prizes will be awarded solely on the basis of sound reasoning, clarity of expression, conciseness and originality—the deadline August 25th. Address entries to Coronet Round Table, 919 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Exc
RU
P